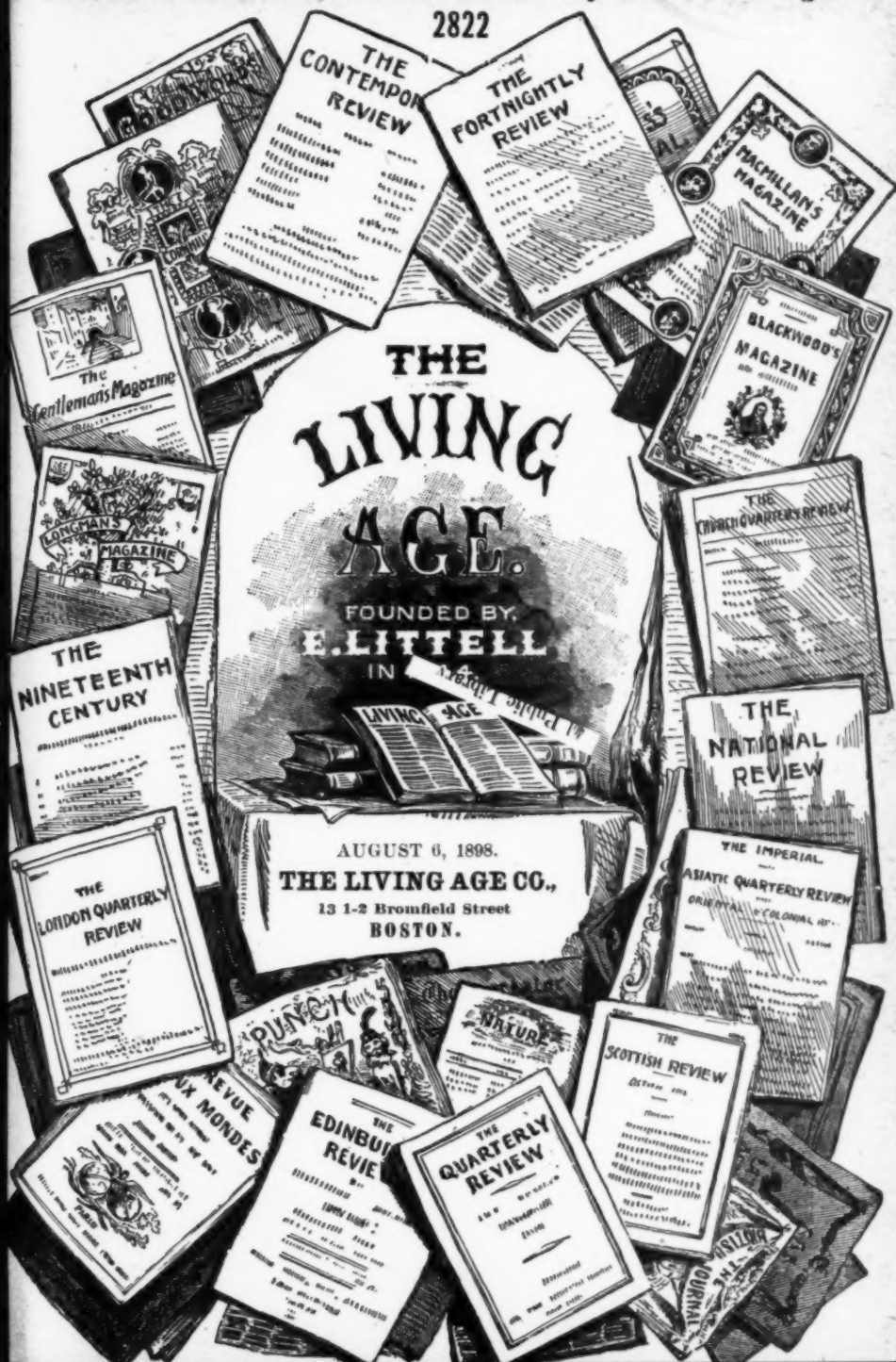


SOCIAL CONDITIONS IN AMERICA—By G. M. Fiamingo.

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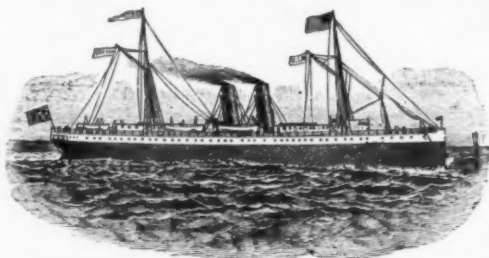
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Sixth Series,
Volume XIX. }

No. 2822—August 6, 1898.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CCXVIII.

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A CALL FROM THE SEA.

Green waves under her fore-foot,
 Grey meadows dim on the lea;
 We have done with joy and sorrow,
 Swing round her head to the sea!

Nine men of the schooner "Annie,"
 Bound out of the bay again,
 And the old songs die behind us
 In the clank of her mooring-chain.

For the East and West are calling,
 A wind blows out of the South,
 And the winter stars lift brighter,
 And the brine stings salt on the mouth.

Nine men of the schooner "Annie"
 (Love is as a tale long told),
 We go to the mother that bore us
 And the things we knew of old.

The song of wind in the rigging,
 The drumming rain on the sail,
 The swing of the roaring chorus
 As they lay her head to the gale.

Ah! Love, will ye deem us cruel
 That we leave ye here alone?
 But the wide sea calls her children,
 Each goes at last to his own.

Green waves under her fore-foot,
 Grey meadows dim on the lea;
 We have done with joy and sorrow,
 Swing round her head to the sea!

Speaker. J. WINDER GOOD.

CATULLUS.

Over the gulf of years, and the sullen
 Stygian waters,
 Brother, I clasp thy hand! Brother, I
 answer thy call!
 Thou, most human of all the Roman sing-
 ers, Catullus,
 Touched our hearts with thy song, fillest
 our eyes with thy tears.
 Lovely and glowing the tints, and firm
 the line, and the figures
 Moving and real, in the brief pictures
 that live in thy words;
 Light, and changing, and swift, the
 bounding rush of thy rhythm;
 Loud with passion and sin echoes the tale
 of thy life.

Joy in the earth and the sky, and the sea
 with its ships and its islands,
 Laughing waves that leap, lapping the
 threshold of home;
 Joy in the throng of the city, and joy in
 the green of the woodland,
 Restless love of the road, hurry of vaga-
 bond feet;
 Kindly love of thy comrades, and death-
 less love of thy mistress—
 Love that tortured thy soul, love for a
 heart that was false:
 Still do they breathe in thy songs, thy
 bursts of tempestuous music,
 Sung in an old dead tongue, strains that
 are stronger than death.
 Stirred with the thrill of thy voice, and
 feeling the touch of thy spirit—
 Bard of the genial smile! Bard of the
 bitterest tears,
 Tears of blood! to thy shade I waft this
 tremulous greeting:
 Brother who livest though dead, hail and
 forever farewell!

CHARLES CAMP TARELLI.

A CONFESSION.

I have forgotten how to love.
 I lost the art so long ago . . .
 (Or was it only yesterday?)
 My wayward heart with weary wings
 Goes ever seeking to and fro,
 But hope has left her, as a dove
 Slips from the hand and flies away. . . .
 I have forgotten how to love.

I wish I could forget his face. . . .
 I wish I could forget his name,
 My old love of the olden time.
 Ten years, eight years, six years ago
 I did not dream of doubt or shame.
 A child's brave love sees nothing base . . .
 It sees the soul that is divine;
 I wish I could forget his face. . . .

I loved him so . . . and he is dead.
 But I remember Love's great joy . . .
 And I remember Love's long pain . . .
 And memory has taught me this:
 To play with fate as with a toy,
 To turn from tears and laugh instead,
 Since now my tears are all in vain.
 I loved him so . . . and he is dead.
 The Sketch. OLIVE CUSTANCE.

From The Nuova Antologia.
SOCIAL CONDITIONS IN AMERICA.

Ferdinand Brunetière, a man who in physiognomy and costume curiously exemplifies his mental resemblance to a "girondin" of the close of the last century; who attacks with such bitterness and violence the work of the French Revolution: who, while editor of the important Review founded by Buloz, passed judgment, fortnight by fortnight, on the doings of "two worlds," accepted, a few months since, an invitation sent him by Harvard University, and journeyed in person to the country which was the scene of the first victories of the principles of Locke and Montesquieu, and which has been more faithful to these principles than any section of Europe. But Brunetière found nothing marvellous or even strange at New York—that business centre of the United States, which John Bull's cousins are fond of describing as their *Empire City*. As between the old English city with its cathedral and its storied memories of many centuries and the new York of the United States, which in commercial activity has surpassed not only Liverpool, but even London, the eminent editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* was unable to conceal his preference for the dignified and artistic elder city.

But France has other vigorous and keen critics besides Brunetière, and these critics easily perceived the reason why the "Immortal" historian of French literature remained stolidly insensible to the great *Niatus* which separates American society and activities from those of Europe. It is that American society and American activities are alike the product of those revolutionary principles which Brunetière so heartily execrates, and, moreover, they had recently received a solemn glorification in the book of Paul Bourget. It is Goethe alone who has handed down the real love of "Reisebilder:" all other artists but stimulate the rage for seeing things differently, in those who travel after them! Ferdinand Brunetière would never have agreed to the publication of a new edition of "Outre-Mer" revised in all haste, nor can he have recognized

the economic activities and aims of American society when he published in France his treatises on the moral bankruptcy involved in competition.

One fact struck Brunetière, in his character of implacable censor: America is entirely lacking in art, and the raptures of American society-folk over the galleries of Europe do not fill the void. But the European need not go to America to learn this. The phenomenon is conspicuous in every International Art Exhibition, and has recently been verified by hosts of observers at Venice. Except in natural scenery, the United States wears no aspect which is profoundly and supremely artistic. What are recognized as the National Monuments of Uncle Sam have as marvellous a beauty as those of Europe, but they are neither ruined churches nor Parthenons nor Pantheons. They are parks like those of the Yellowstone or the Falls of Niagara, or many a spot in the Rocky Mountains which neither the hotels by which they are infested nor the neighboring roadways bordered by the pompous advertisements of the wares of Minneapolis or Chicago can succeed in degrading. Nor—like the *parvenu*, who imitates, in monkey or parrot fashion, the ways of the descendant of feudal lords—does the American propose or desire to have an epoch similar to that of Italy under the Medici, or any new blossoming of Greek art.

Instead, this democracy shows its taste for luxury and splendor by constantly aiming at greater comfort and convenience. American society is essentially democratic. There is nothing artistic about the great buildings "down town" (the business centre corresponding to "the city" in London), nor about Fifth Avenue—that broad, busy and imposing thoroughfare of New York, the formidable rival of Regent Street and the Boulevard St. Germain; nor about the railway-stations, which are nevertheless the termini of lines whose tremendous development is a thing unparalleled in Europe, and which constitute the most imposing manifestation of Yankee power. Nor are there any works of art at Newport,

that gorgeous summer resort of the millionaire, with which, if Europe wishes to preserve her self-complacency, it is advisable for her not to compare either the English Brighton or the French Deauville.

The fact is that the society and civilization of the United States are profoundly and radically unlike those of Europe; and while the thought and character of the European peoples are most faithfully photographed in their art-history and artistic monuments, in the United States the very class which acquires, for its own culture, the most exact copies of the masterpieces of Greek and Italian art has no genuine artistic production, peculiar to itself. So also, while it has neither Dante, Shakespeare nor Goethe, it knows and studies profoundly these geniuses of the old world. In America there are actually important publications exclusively devoted to the study of Dante! But neither Byron, nor Burns, nor any other Anglo-Saxon poet, exercises the very smallest influence over American society. This country, though it has a population of over seventy millions, is still too young. "We are yet in the process of formation as a nation," openly confessed, in one of the recent numbers of the leading *North American Review*, Monsignor Doane, the Archbishop of Albany. But the American is absolutely intolerant of all intellectual or moral servitude, and it is with perfect absence of bias that he reads the poets or admires the art of Europe. It is, indeed, curious—the spectacle presented by an American city eager for learning and progress, but unwilling to suffer any direction or to admit its own inferiority.

While in the social conditions of the United States as they exist to-day we must recognize a product of European civilization, and especially of the Anglo-Saxon, it is in truth a wholly novel one. The phenomenon is not new in the history of civilization; the France of the last days of the Valois, dominated by religious ideas and devoted to Catholicism, is a social organism which has nothing in common with that same

France modified by Richelieu, ruled over by the house of Bourbon, and secularized by philosophy and free-thought.

One might fancy that the Americans had determined to differentiate themselves ever more and more from their English cousins, on account of the hatred inspired by the memory of that stupid and unendurable tyranny of George III. and Lord North, from which they suffered as colonists during the eighteenth century. In reality the process of social formation in the States has been a very complex and curious one, strikingly unlike the development of primitive civilization. Into the Mediterranean basin, where three continents come into such close proximity, once rushed a multitude of different peoples—Iberians, Ligurians, Libyans, Pelasgians, Hittites, etc. These peoples make common stock of the best that each has acquired in experience or positive knowledge, and from this social and intellectual communion springs and flourishes a civilization greatly superior to that of the separate societies which had contributed to produce it. Very similar conditions were present at the social formation of the United States. Here flock the Irish when obliged to emigrate by that famous penal code by means of whose "frightful provisions" (to use Hallam's expression) England proposed to extirpate "papistry." Here, too, they took refuge when a second attempt in the same direction was made by what Burke called the "ferocious laws of Queen Anne," which all now admit were criminal and detestable. French Huguenots and Dutch Catholics alike crowded to these shores. When, after 1695, Scotland left the atmosphere of theology to enter that of commerce, she invaded America. The Chinese wall is broken down from time to time and groups of natives escape across the ocean—the Chinese emigration into the United States is of long standing. When the slave-trade was at its height it seemed as though Africa was to be depopulated in favor of North America. The Spanish element there had continually increased

after immigration began in the sixteenth century.

However, up to 1790, the United States, lying between the Alleghanies and the sea, had an area of less than four hundred thousand square miles and a population under four millions.

In those days Adam Smith was declaring that of all baggage, man is the hardest to carry about. Emigration was hindered not only by the difficulties of transportation, but by the fact that the United States were themselves, relatively speaking, but little known. Those four million inhabitants were scattered along the Atlantic coast from Maine to Georgia over a strip of territory not more than two hundred and fifty miles broad. In 1803 President Jefferson sent an expedition under the direction of Lewis and Clark to explore the Missouri and the course of the other rivers, with a view to their feasibility as trade routes and as a means of communication with the Pacific.

Thanks to river navigation, the interior of the United States was acquired strip by strip. In 1811 the first steamboat entered the Ohio, four years earlier the "Clermont" furrowed the Hudson and in 1815 steam navigation began upon Lake Erie. The methods of trans-oceanic conveyance also improved.

Meanwhile on the continent of Europe came the liberal movement and its inevitable reaction. When poor Europe gets a frantic bit of conservatism, or is ravaged by tremendous wars, political emigration always increases. So the later political liberals go to America to join the former Catholic liberals who had been forced to expatriate themselves during the preceding centuries. America is the constant product of reaction in Europe, whatever may be the various forms which reaction has assumed during the last three or four hundred years. Napoleon did not cause the greatness of France, but by his unbridled and obstinate exclusivism he made England great, and in this sense he contributed much to the development of the United States. The four million inhabitants scattered along the Atlantic coast at the time of Jefferson's presidency in-

creased rapidly during the first twenty-five years of the nineteenth century. The formation of the United States is a work carried on without direction, to which swarm from all sides ever more and more wills and arms, either spontaneously or under constraint, but always without cohesion; until immigration becomes a perfect torrent as the country reveals its colossal, its enormous commercial potentialities. The United States of America constitute an international colony recruited by the free action of natural forces and of the human will, released from all autocratic dominion. And here is to be seen the contrast between the history of this power and of the empire which the czars have set themselves to create in Asia, and which represents a national and military effort.

But the Anglo-Saxons did but begin the colonization of the United States—such is the formal statement of Marcel Dubois, the well-known professor of colonial geography at the Sorbonne. The development and the success of the United States are due to the combined action of all Europe and a part of Africa. Over that great American territory, now grown to three million square miles, all the European nations and many of those of Asia and Africa have distributed their best, and made, as it were, a joint capital of their knowledge and civilization. James Novicow assures us that the United States have one hundred and fifty professional inventors whose discoveries benefit the country to the extent of more than five hundred million francs. These figures are, of course, merely approximate, but what are these inventions but the elaborate common product of the manifold forms of positive science brought by the various nations into America?

If anyone is skeptical as to the prodigious social effects produced by this struggle and amalgamation of the races let him but compare the enormous progress of the New England States with that of the Southern, where the foreign element is least—only three or four per cent. These States know nothing of American life and activity. Kentucky

and Florida alone are distinctly in advance of the others, because in Kentucky and Florida the foreign element begins to be considerable. But Virginia, Georgia, the two Carolinas, Alabama, seem so many African oases inhabited by whites and blacks, who display the indolence of Arabs or Mussulmans.

As in the Mediterranean basin, during the first centuries of the history of civilization, the contact and continual intercourse of many different races brought about a new civilization, so in America we find in intimate and daily intercourse all the nations of Europe and many of those of Asia and Africa acting and re-acting upon one another in a manner which tends to amalgamate them and form them into a homogeneous society. In the case of certain races this fusion takes place very slowly; in that of others with headlong rapidity. The African blacks brought into America their most characteristic social institution—slavery, and it is amazing that so long a time can have elapsed before this hideous servitude disappeared. Nothing could be more violently incongruous with American civilization than slavery. In that homogeneous society which is in gradual formation, each element loses many of its characteristic qualities, but succeeds in imposing on this new society some of the qualities peculiar to itself. Divorce is not practised by all the communities which have come to America; but it is accepted as a social institution by the whole people. Some European races have laws limiting the testamentary disposition of property. Their custom has yielded in America to that of those who defend the fullest liberty even in the hereditary transmission of riches. Another clear and significant instance is presented us in the organization of the American university. Closely analyzed, it is found to have much of Oxford and Cambridge, together with the best qualities of the German and Italian type. Nor is the American university which has fused all these elements of the Old World "an exact copy of any European model, however per-

fect." So said Emil Hirsch—and with perfect truth—in the "Convocation Address" to the University of Chicago, July 1st, 1897.

And not merely is this unification attested by the social institutions of the various peoples who now live in the same district, but the same phenomenon reappears in their mental nature and ideas, so that for different social psychologies they tend to substitute one only, which synthesizes and is, as it were, the best result of those which it survives. Such an amalgamation is often very violent and sudden. Impressed by this peculiarity, the German government has recently passed a law intended to divert emigration from North America. In the United States the Teuton is so promptly "ungermanized" that the advantages which might have accrued to the fatherland from emigration are speedily lost.

But this new population which is forming in the United States—this amalgamation of every European element thrown into a crucible and fused together, is a civilization essentially cosmopolitan, of large perspectives, never averse to compromise. On its arrival each idea of the old world is as it were revived in the atmosphere of liberty and activity. It is much the same effect as that produced when Christianity passed from the narrow and pagan atmosphere of Jerusalem to the liberal and cosmopolitan *milieu* of Antioch.

Even Catholicism has found new life amid its American surroundings. American Catholicism is differentiated from that of Europe by having given up its exclusive spirit in favor of one of compromise, and by having found the means to combine religious sentiment and a sincere love of liberty—the very alliance dreamed of and battled for by the great Lamennais and prevented by Gregory XVI. It is vain to seek to-day among the Catholic clergy of Europe for liberals of the type of Cardinal Gibbons and Monsignor Keane, who are at the same time models of Catholic fidelity.

In America, in this struggle of races, societies and ideas, all that is petty, nig-

gard, small, selfish, exclusive and fastidious is doomed to disappear. What survives will be general ideas of the most comprehensive description and institutions of the most liberal and truly humanitarian nature. This is the reason why we no longer find in America many European ideas or prejudices, but rather a continual development of new institutions and fresh social conceptions and a mode of life quite different from that of the Old World.

Another factor gives a special quality to American society. In the population of a country the emigrant always represents the most active and energetic element. The emigrant revolts either against the tyranny of government or that of the church, or against the anguish of want and the lassitude of inaction. The emigrant is a rebel, and by his very expatriation proves himself a man of decision, energy and audacity. This is the type of man which America has won from Europe. These emigrants form, as it were, an enormous army of volunteers, intolerant of all interference with personal liberty, which has invaded America to conquer its economic riches. The Hindoo is the cause of his own misery because in him is lacking every stimulus to action. The original emigrant who crossed the ocean to America was an artisan or a peasant. His purse was quite empty, but he was rich in the precious dower of character. He took with him that spirit of initiative and that patient energy which have built colossal cities and brought immense districts under cultivation. Some half century ago when Alexis de Tocqueville published his well-known work on Democracy in America, which in its turn made an epoch in the history of democracy, he declared that the peculiar and essential characteristic of America was the curious equality of private fortunes. Starting from this level of equality, we now find, after a lapse of fifty years, in this same society, fortunes so colossal that their like has never been seen on any other spot of this planet; fortunes proportionately superior to those of the

famous Salimberni of Siena in the twelfth century, of Philpott, the London armorer under Richard II., or of the Fuggger, the famous bankers of Charles V. and Henry VIII. The fact is that over the vast territory of the United States a battle for wealth is everywhere engaged, a battle as terrific as the worst described by Lubbock, De Quatrefages or any student of prehistoric days. The Napoleonic wars, in less than twenty years, claimed over three million victims; but if statistics were kept in America of those who fall victims to this struggle for fortune and riches our surprise would be great indeed. Hither flocked the bold, the energetic, those whose resolution was great, who, at any cost, were determined to conquer for themselves a new position. Here, therefore, the contest was one of athletes, not mere normal men.

To-day the conspicuous characteristic of the American man is his marvellous capacity for sustained exertion. John Bull works with great application, but only for a few hours, after which he consults his natural impulses. Uncle Sam works with even greater intensity, if that be possible, than an Englishman, and he works through the entire day. He eats and drinks whatever he fancies most strengthening and best adapted to keep him going for the time; witness his unlimited abuse of liquors. But he swallows in haste, and never permits himself any relaxation. The unbridled and ostentatious luxury of America is confined to the women, and it is by this luxury that the "beauty" makes known the financial success of her father or husband. This peculiarity of American society can be discerned even in that section of it which comes to Europe to amuse itself by travel. The women are always by themselves. The man, in spite of his inveterate habit of movement and travel, takes journeys for business purposes only, or after he has become so exhausted by labor or unnerved by anxiety as to be incapacitated for mental labor through some affection of brain or heart. These are the flaws most fre-

quently discovered in the human machine when subjected to what the Americans call "hard work." The maladies which carried off Pullman and Barnato—the latter an Englishman only by virtue of his frequent residence in London—threaten every Yankee man of business, and show us that the activity of this people has touched the verge of the superhuman—the insurmountable barrier, against which even these colossi of heart and nerve must dash themselves to atoms.

It can hardly be but that Paul Bourget, or any other European who goes to America to study social conditions, should feel moved bitterly to stigmatize and lament the rage for competition and the exhausting activity which prevail in the States. On the other hand, the American grows ever more and more intolerant of any check either on the freedom or the ethics of competition. In proof of this, we have but to read the recently published essays of three of the best-known and most highly esteemed American economists, John A. Hobson, Ernest von Halle and Henry Dyer. The works of these men met the warmest of receptions both from the student and from Yankee society generally because they were found to coincide in apologizing for the most unbridled competition and in their hatred for whatever might tend to limit it. Regulations, restraints, everything that the old world calls *chinoiseries*, and Uncle Sam might describe as "European ways"—America shows us none of these even in her government or bureaucracy. But it is also true that in its European sense, bureaucracy has no existence in America. In this lies the explanation of the fact that, though the political corruption is great, it does not succeed in embroiling, impeding or paralyzing the economic activity of the country. It is the great bureaucratic system which in Europe ruins commerce, and this has no existence in America.

Even her protective tariff has but little influence on the economic activity of the country. If the financial ramparts of the United States may be compared,

for stolidity, to those raised by Colbert around France or by Cancrin around Russia, in America they surround a territory so vast that an enormous space is reserved to the exercise of the most absolute liberty. . . . To whom does this dominion belong? "Is it to the people?" queries Jules Roche. Undoubtedly, but not entirely. To whom then? To the individual. To the free citizen of free America, to whom and in whose favor Constitution, Congress, government, laws, all things, are established, regulated, instituted. In Europe the individual is the victim and the prey of institutions. In America the individual is their patron and prince; but in the latter, there is no room for an autocrat. And in truth the United States possess none of those institutions and those habits which in Europe crystallize society and organize it, as it were, into castes. And as in America there exists but one principle and one institution—unlimited and continuous competition—so the individual always occupies that social position which his talent and his energy are able to secure him. In these conditions of social instability no one can give himself the luxury of an abuse of power, nor will he be able to restrict the liberty of another. . . .

This unbridled individuality, the marvellous audacity, together with the easily-won and sudden fortunes and the dramatic disasters which attend them, render the economic life of the country extraordinarily elastic and versatile. Chicago and St. Louis have been, up to this time, the centres of the grain trade. Natural conditions and various systems of railways have created this business monopoly. But in 1893 it occurred to a group of bankers that Kansas City might become a commercial centre as important as Chicago itself. . . . In five years the population of Kansas City has risen from eighty to two hundred and fifty thousand, and her rights as a metropolis are secured.

But this elasticity, this variability, is not confined to business activities. It is also a characteristic of the social life of this people. The most typical illustration of this plasticity of energy is

presented by the War of Secession. No one could have predicted that a people, exclusively commercial and agricultural, which, though it possessed a few forts along the Atlantic seaboard, had no soldiers wherewith to garrison them, would have shown itself capable within a few months of organizing and putting into the field armies which have waged some of the most bloody and terrible campaigns of the century. And this American impetus and courage, which was transferred from Wall Street and other citadels of trade to the battlefields of this tremendous war, knew no hesitation after that bombardment of Fort Sumter, which was virtually the official declaration of war and the prelude to the bloody contest. How heroic and stubborn is the resistance of that Major Anderson, in command of the fort! President Lincoln then issues a proclamation by which he invites the governors of the different States to furnish him *pro rata* seventy-five thousand volunteers "to serve for three months in order to suppress the insurrection." As is well known, that figure of seventy-five thousand volunteers was subscribed many times over; a reception such as was never accorded to the most popular of public loans in Europe. America might well have lacked officers, but it was not so. Jefferson Davis (of whom Gladstone said, "he has made a nation") remarked to William Howard Russell, special correspondent of the *Times* during the War of Secession, whose reminiscences have just been published, "Strangers are surprised at the excessive numbers of our 'colonels' and 'generals.' But the truth is that we are a military people, and that foreigners do not understand this fact. We are the only nation in the world, of which the middle class goes and studies at a military academy without afterwards entering the military profession."

Great maneuvers—the study of topography and of tactics—these the American soldier pursued with his customary zeal and determination from the time when he took the field. These volunteers took into the army that delirious

delight in success which animates every enterprise in America, and each individual volunteer made the collective cause his personal affair. When they enlisted it was with the fixed purpose to become soldiers, and they succeeded in making soldiers of themselves in an incredibly short time.

This people possesses an enormous amount of energy and has the precious gift of knowing how to adapt and devote it to the most varied ends. On the twelfth of April, 1861, that is to say, before the batteries of Charleston opened fire upon the Federal fort, the United States had an army of twenty thousand men. In three years of warfare they succeeded in forming one which could have withstood with credit the attack of any of the immemorial military organizations of Europe. Two months after the war was ended the American army had been once more reduced to twenty-five thousand men.

For the American, system and method have no existence; he recognizes only *facts*, and by these he always regulates his conduct. Confronted by the rebellion of the Southern States, Uncle Sam knew how to organize a powerful army. When the rebellion was crushed he did not transform this army—a mere means for the overcoming of momentary difficulties—into a permanent social institution, as Europe had done. To-day, when called upon to deal with the Cuban revolution and the war with Spain the need of a strong army and a powerful fleet again presents itself. All who know the energy and the facility of adaptation of the American nature are justified in expecting extraordinary results from the preparations at Key West.

But some say that the strife of the United States and England over Venezuela, and the present conflict with Spain, both point to a falling away from the traditions of American politics. There is a party within the United States which says the same. The phenomenon is really due to the influence exercised over the social character of the States by the infiltration of various

race elements from Europe. If America shows to-day a spirit of conquest and a military attitude, unknown to her in old days, it springs from the action of the Teutonic element. The Anglo-Saxon character of the nation has been diluted by Teutonic globules. This is the view held by several American authors.

How, indeed, is it possible that the United States should already desire the conquest of other lands for purposes of expansion when the eleven States of the Pacific, which cover forty per cent. of the territory of the confederation, have but four and a quarter million inhabitants—less than four to a square mile—and when only six per cent. of its territory is cultivated? San Francisco and Denver alone in this vast tract have a population of more than one hundred thousand.

The American has a right to be proud of his commercial development. Every ten years a census is taken in the United States, of population and of all kinds of business, marvellously complete, and on a scale comparable to that photograph of the heavens built up by Admiral de Mucbez. These statistics form, indeed, a perfect photograph of the economic development of a country whose population has risen in less than a century from five to seventy-five millions. Fifty years since, its grain-crops barely sufficed for internal consumption, while to-day it exports a quantity considerably greater than that of all the other grain-exporting countries taken together. Its production of cotton represents fifty-five per cent. of that of the entire world. But the manufacturing industries tend to surpass the agricultural, unlimited as the development of the latter still is. Of all this America might boast, but she is animated by too practical a spirit to risk losing her head by entering upon those mad schemes at which she has never failed to scoff when they were undertaken in old Europe. The United States can hardly sigh for military expansion, or dream, as the old world might, of the conquest of Madagascar or any similar exploit.

His agricultural implements and his iron or steel rails, as well as the thou-

sand other products of his agrarian and manufacturing industry—these the American sends with success to India, Russia and Germany, and has no need to seek a market for them in his own colonies.

Europeans make many mistakes about the spirit of expansion in America, and they greatly exaggerate the popularity there of the Monroe doctrine. If it was James Monroe who obtained from Napoleon, then first consul, the sale of Louis XIV.'s colony, it is to James Monroe that is due the Yankee defeat when the invasion and conquest of Canada was attempted in 1812. Moreover, this same James Monroe, who, when American minister at Paris, had many friends among the revolutionaries of 1789, and who was himself a true Democrat, did not formulate his theory by way of an intimation to Europe to leave America alone. He affirms American rights under the pressure of his fear lest the Holy Alliance formed after Waterloo may desire to restore the colonial power of Catholic Spain. The doctrine to which the name of Monroe was afterwards applied, and which officially proclaims the dogma of Americanism, has therefore a much more limited bearing; having been, at the time, a legitimate appeal in self-defence. And this doctrine, proclaimed by Monroe in his message to Congress, in December, 1823, has always preserved the same limited application.

Did not the United States remain passive and even cynically indifferent before the frequent revolts of the colonists of Spanish and Portuguese America against their home governments? This is the question—this, the implied reproof of Americanism pronounced by Señor Romero, now Mexican consul in the United States; and Senator Money justifies the accusation when he says that absolute impassibility in the face of any and every foreign dilemma has always been the fundamental principle of American politics. Grover Cleveland, at the time of the affair between Venezuela and England, gave a new and broader interpretation of the Monroe doctrine. Since Uncle Sam never occu-

ples himself with European politics, Grover Cleveland formulates the complementary proposition: Europe is not to disturb herself about American questions.

Moreover, the very word "America" has lost its true and natural meaning. The word has been used in a limited and partial sense applied merely to the group of federated States in the northern continent. These States have come to fancy that they really personify all America. How often do a host of prejudices arise out of a mere word! Here we have the fundamental principle of "jingoism" in the United States.

The future is on the knees of Jove, said the Greeks, and it is possible that the American nation may abandon the neutral and passive attitude of its time-honored policy. But the Americans are all "business men," deeply preoccupied by their affairs. This is not the social class in which "chauvinism" spreads, because each menace of war causes enormous pecuniary loss. The English papers computed that during the two months which came to an end on the twentieth of April last, the total loss on railway and other industrial values amounted to £200,000,000. And it is an even more deeply rooted principle of American society to believe an army and permanent armaments an absolute violation of their republican principles and of their liberty as individuals.

It is from no military spirit or desire to do homage to the Monroe doctrine that an American wants to fight. It is not to be believed that American society, now, at the end of the nineteenth century, should change its opinions and abandon its precise and long-established precedents, with the unreflecting facility of medieval England when it became Protestant to please Henry VIII. and returned to Catholicism at the demand of Mary Tudor, only to re-embrace Protestantism on the accession of Elizabeth.

America has probably as much and as little of the military spirit to-day as she had fifty years ago. She has not yet made up her mind to annex Hawaii nor given so much as a thought to the conveniences of occupying a bit of Chi-

nese territory. Yet American commerce with China reaches \$25,000,000, and is surpassed only by the trade of China and England, which attained \$32,000,000 in 1897. The recent discussions, the violent outburst of jingoism in the American Senate, have shown clearly that the intervention of the United States in Cuba was not determined merely by a desire to annex the island.

If America makes war on Spain it is by way of affording a new vent to one of the multiform motions of her seething energy, and because American self-love has been wounded by the many promises concerning the pacification of Cuba, which Spain has freely made, but never kept. The society which daily displays so much daring in its economic life has for once been spurred to show its courage in political life. Such is the curious psychological phenomenon presented at this moment by the people of the United States.

It is a case of the manifestation of their wonted audacity and of the rashness peculiar to the American character. America will surprise us by the instant facility with which, unprepared as she is, she will adapt herself to a state of war, and by the promptitude with which, when war is over, she will fling into the sea all her military apparatus.

These curious features of American society are but the reproduction, in large, of the qualities of every Yankee heart. Here, in America, in his quest after riches, an individual will make serious trial of ten different occupations. When he realizes that he has miscalculated, he changes. Disillusionment does not discourage him. There are no "failures," no Bohemians. As a type of American society we may take Cornelius Vanderbilt, the millionaire whose name is as well known in Europe as any of the New World. Cornelius Vanderbilt began to frequent Wall Street at the age of sixty-nine. Up to this time he had never ~~busied~~ ^{busied} himself along any line which could help him win the most colossal fortune the world has ever known. Before entering Wall

Street he had tried various professions and occupations and had finally become a commodore in the navy. From the sea he went into Wall Street and began to devote himself to railroads. In 1863 he bought up at a very small figure the shares of the Harlem railway, an insignificant line, which in a few years he succeeded in rendering of the first importance. With these shares of the Harlem railway he "made a corner" which formed the basis of his future fortune. The would-be purchasers of Harlem stock could find none on the market because it was all held by Vanderbilt. The latter was thus enabled to sell at two hundred and eighty-five shares which a few months before he had bought at three. The same operation on the shares of the Hudson River R. R. met with equally brilliant success. Bit by bit he bought up the small lines between Buffalo and New York, combined them into the New York Central and doubled its active capital by means of theoretic dividends which were never distributed. This enormous system the commodore completed by other lines of secondary importance, so that it became one of the finest of America.

This typical American, who at sixty-nine has still his fortune to make and who then becomes a millionaire—the story of the War of Secession, or of the construction of any railroad—the causes of the War with Spain—these facts, so profoundly dissimilar, are yet perfectly in accord in the light they shed on the true nature of American society; which has an elasticity in the variety of its undertakings, a fervor and an intrepidity in all its doings, difficult to comprehension on this European continent, where social conditions are so radically unlike those on the other side of the Atlantic.

But, by the side of Commodore Vanderbilt with his fortune in the millions, hardly appreciable by the narrow human mind, what myriads of unfortunates consumed by famine in its most hideous forms! So cry the humanists of Europe.

Certainly the plague of idleness and suffering exists even in America, but

there is not to be found there that canny proletariat which the sociologists of this end of the nineteenth century declare to be one of the most marked characteristics of the period in the Old World.

In America also you will find the pauper class thrust back into special quarters, and these the poorest, the most remote parts of a city. But if you make your way to Five Points or the neighboring streets, a curious fact immediately strikes you—there, in those lurid and miserable dwellings, are masses of filthy flesh in human shape—Poles, Italians, Jews, Spaniards, Germans even, but never a sign of the individual of whom you were in search, the pauper American. America has no professional proletariat—that scourge of Europe. It has no professional beggars and its paupers are "aliens." The fact is that the American, whatever his social status—railway king or simple tramp—is always by nature a "hard-worker," and in America he who is willing to work hard need never want. Into Five Points at New York, and into the poor quarters of the other American cities, have been thrust the superfluous, those who have not shown sufficient power of resistance under the tremendous strain of competition and endless toil. It is rare that European fibre shows itself equal to so dizzying a whirl of the social wheel. The Department of Labor in its March bulletin of this year published a monograph on the Italians in Chicago. It is an accurate and very valuable treatise, giving the results of a personal inquiry into the status of seven thousand Italians living in Chicago. Among the many revelations, which are anything but assuring to the rest of us Italians, this is perhaps the most striking—the Italians in Chicago are out of work during seven or eight months of the year! They are ignorant, unskilled laborers, and the pangs of hunger have perhaps rendered them forever incapable of really intense or prolonged toil. If these poor Italians did not let themselves sink to the humblest and most degrading occupations, and become waiters and boot-

blacks, America would absolutely be unable to make any use of them. Investigation into the condition of the unemployed confirms the results of similar inquiries in England. The unemployed are the least skilful—those who are only half able to work. American morality—with its apology for the most unbridled individualism and all its egotistic brutality, which recognizes no barrier to the boundless liberty of competition and struggle—should be as merciless to this submerged section of society as ever was Roman matron to gladiator. But in reality no country has so many and so richly endowed institutions for purposes of charity and temporary assistance as has America, and into these flock an enormous number of European paupers.

True, the industrial crises frequently throw out of employment thousands of workmen, even Americans themselves. But if the crash of 1893 deprived hundreds of thousands of workmen of the means of earning a livelihood, how many financial disasters did it not also cause among the most solid business houses! In America the economic crises seem more stupendous and dramatic because of the disproportionate importance of economic life; but crises, whether financial or agrarian, are not an American institution. And no more are they European or the mere outcome of capitalism. Every organism has its pathological moment.

When irritated, the American workman is ready to enter upon the most obstinate of "strikes," but he is a greater conservative than the artisan anywhere on the Continent of Europe. He is fond of reading about the wars of Napoleon, but he will not take the trouble to open or discuss the books of Marx. The popularity of Henry George was fictitious and momentary, though the radicalism of Henry George fell far short of the absurdities of German socialism. The American in any social position is a thorough-going individualist, restive under any attempt to limit his personal liberty. The artisan in America is the first to repudiate or neglect the so-called social laws. He feels himself to be in

reality the social and political equal of any railway king, and he has his share in the great economic comfort which the prodigious improvements of the last fifty years have assured to the great republic. Emil Levasseur, in his recent and weighty book on the American artisan, brings out one fact with the greatest clearness—it is the workman who has gained most by the introduction of machinery. In no other country will you find so many artisans inventing or perfecting machinery as in America. The artisan feels himself closely linked with the rest of the citizens in that great work of economic production and of progress which is rounding out American society with a rapidity absolutely new in the history of civilization. Antiquity solved the social problem by slavery; religion, by the promise of a future life; but America promises to the truly intelligent, skilful and daring artisan fortune and wealth on American soil. Many a president of an American railway began life as a machinist. Edison started out as a newsboy. America found, then, her answer to the social problem in those principles which in Europe were formulated by the Revolution of 1789, whose decay the Old World long since proclaimed and whose decrease Coppée and Huysman have not yet ceased lamenting.

Of course this curious American society is an organism always in process of development and formation. Each day it receives the addition of new elements. And there is much discussion about the advisability of excluding those which might tend to lower its general level, as the Blacks, the Chinese, the illiterate of all nationalities of Europe. But in this republic where the most liberal interpretation of the principles formulated in France in 1789 leaves unchecked the most furious individual competition—which of necessity eliminates all the weak and helpless—what is the fate of the handicapped here? Dr. Billings, in his voluminous report on the "Vital Statistics of the United States," shows that while the birth-rate among the Blacks is almost thirty per cent. in

excess of that among the whites, the black population barely holds its own. All these negro dead have been eliminated by the violent and dominant force of the American social system.

But if this absolute liberty, which is evinced in every possible way, leaves unpunished the most brutal manifestations of egoism and economic despotism, certain of its other results claim our hearty admiration—the easy triumph which it secures to aristocracy, and that not the aristocracy of political privileges, titles and genealogical trees, but what we may call the oligarchical aristocracy—those few who, sprung from every round of the social ladder, have proved themselves superior in talent, courage and daring to the mass of the population. This aristocracy is the soul of American society. And no country can prove more clearly than America how true is that declaration of Renan, "*Toute civilisation est l'œuvre des aristocrates.*" This aristocracy, so continually renewed and reinforced, constitutes the governing class of American society. To it are due the economic development which compels our admiration, and that plasticity of activity and energy which gives us a living, daring social system, and preserves among its members a true and frank equality.

G. M. FIAMINGO.

Translated for The Living Age.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

AMONG THE YOUNG LIONS.

It was, once upon a time, the pleasant custom of the serious reviews to preface their notices of works of fiction and similar productions with an elaborate justification for condescending to criticise such trifling and ephemeral performances. An excellent specimen of the sort of apology we refer to, conceived half in jest, half in earnest, will be found in the critique of Maturin's "*Fatal Revenge.*" contributed in 1810 to the *Quarterly Review* by Sir Walter Scott. But the practice long since fell into desuetude,

and to attempt its revival would be to incur the charge of gross affectation. We scarcely like to hazard a conjecture as to the proportion borne by the annual "output" of fiction to that of other kinds of composition. But to the most careless reader of the journals that deal with such matters (and what journal nowadays does not?) it must be a patent truism that the "literature" whose present condition or future prospects are so eagerly canvassed means journalism and novels; while the statistics of our public libraries amply demonstrate that, for the bulk of those who frequent those institutions, these two classes of writing, and these alone, exist. "Free" libraries, we need hardly remind the reader, have been systematically thrust upon local communities on false pretences. They have been painted as ministering to the insatiable thirst of thousands in our midst for solid and improving knowledge. With a similar regard for straightforwardness and candor, the advocates of a "rational" observance of Sunday have feelingly expatiated on the extraordinary amount of ethical stimulus to be derived from gazing upon Mr. Jones's portrait of The Worshipful the Mayor, or upon pickled reptiles in glass bottles. That by the way. But there can be no question as to the overwhelming and ever-increasing preponderance of fiction and journalism; and we shall therefore offer no excuse or apology for venturing to discuss, in the following pages, contemporary writers who have not attained the first rank of fame or notoriety, and whose very names may in some cases be unfamiliar or unknown to the readers of *Maga*. A consideration of such authors may enable us to draw inferences, more or less certain, as to the intellectual state of the nation, and even as to the future course in which our literature is destined to run.

The sources whence we draw our information—our *quellen*, as Mr. Lang and his faithful imitators would say—are easily enumerated. In the first, and most important, place come the

gentlemen's own works. The book-stalls teem with them. Scattered up and down the cheaper magazines and in innumerable weekly periodicals, they solicit the traveller's attention at every railway station. Having served their turn in serial form, they presently attain the dignity of a single cloth-bound volume, and, after several large editions have been duly called for, gradually relapse into the kindly resting-place of the librarians' second-hand catalogues. We are far, indeed, from pretending to an absolutely exhaustive acquaintance with the fictitious narratives or the newspaper articles of the day. To make good any such claim would imply the relinquishment of every other occupation, of all exercise, and possibly of sleep itself. Yet we have tasted many a sample in our time; we have diligently sought to get at least the worth of our subscription from a circulating library; and only too rarely for the well-being of our purse have we turned a deaf ear to the blandishments of those indefatigable youths whose function in life it is to push the trade of Messrs. Smith and Messrs. Menzies.

In the second place, no little instruction as well as amusement has been derived from the literary departments of the most popular and widely-read journals. Of the general run of periodical criticism we have no serious complaint to make. It is apt, unquestionably, to be hasty and ill-considered. The conditions of its production forbid that it should be anything else. But we believe it to be, for the most part, honest and independent; nor does it show traces of that organized conspiracy to depress struggling merit of which female writers have occasionally dreamed and babbled. Its most provoking faults are a puerile tendency to obtrude the critic's personality, and a nervous solicitude to "discover" new geniuses. A literary "boom" is worth almost as much to a newspaper as an agitation in favor of dieting felons on chicken and champagne; and it is melancholy to think how many loudly-proclaimed *trouvailles* have

proved to be disappointments. Perhaps the most characteristically bad criticism in the London press (not excepting even the Sabbath-morning sallies of T. P.) is to be found in the columns of the *Queen*. But a slightly hysterical habit of thought and the inability to form a cool judgment are notorious foibles of the sex for whose entertainment that otherwise estimable journal is principally designed.

When we pass from criticism proper to the various forms of advertisement, we enter upon a country where the vegetation is singularly rank and abundant. It is superfluous to classify the puff. Sheridan did it once for all in "The Critic," and the ingenuity of enthusiastic practitioners has made no appreciable addition (save the interview) to the several branches of the art of puffery which were discovered as soon as the patron had given place to the public. But in its various departments it is nowadays practised with an assiduity and persistence unrivalled even in the age of Mr. Robert Montgomery. It would seem, indeed, as though a certain number of writers subsisted upon writing paragraphs about one another, just as the inhabitants of the Scilly Islands are said to earn a precarious livelihood by taking in one another's washing. The adaptability of the periodicals which admit these wares to their columns is truly wonderful. They are all things to all men with a vengeance. If Mr. A. is turning out four novels a year, they pat him on the back and say that he is clearly not one of those who believe in the cant about an author overwriting himself. If Mr. B., on the other hand, is lazy, they congratulate him warmly upon his firm determination not to overwrite himself, and announce that his next work will appear that day eighteen months. The interview, we are glad to think, is at present somewhat under a cloud. Mr. Crockett overtaxed his energies by excessive use, and what he began Mr. Hall Caine effectually completed. The portentous nonsense that was sol-

emuly poured forth from the Isle of Man last summer seems to have made authors a trifle shy of the inquisitor. The most offensive form of literary gossip—gossip about money, gossip about so many pounds per thousand words—goes on merrily enough. Another old friend—much less objectionable but even more ludicrous—comes across our path from time to time: "Those who have had the opportunity of reading Mr. X.'s forthcoming volume in manuscript have no hesitation in pronouncing," etc. Who on earth *are* the gentlemen (other than publishers and their "readers") who always see Mr. X.'s forthcoming volume in manuscript, and have never any hesitation in pronouncing? Theirs, doubtless, is a high privilege; but we bid them heartily welcome to our poor share of it.

There is one development, however, of the advertising mania to which we feel constrained particularly to advert. Certain men of letters, it would seem, band themselves into societies under some striking name—such as the Bohemian Bounders, or the Hajji Baba Club—the capital object of whose existence is after-dinner speaking. It has long been the prerogative of Britons to form dining-clubs on various pretexts; and admirable institutions many of these clubs are. But to dine twice or thrice a year for the purpose of making speeches which are to be reported more or less faithfully and fully is a form of amusement that has never hitherto commended itself to men or women of sense. To judge from the authorized reports, the banqueters have famous times. The speakers extol one another with amazing fluency and well-affected gusto. The toast of the ladies is sure to be proposed with an elegance and a sprightliness which Mr. Jinkins himself (gentlemanly creature, Jinkins!) might have envied; and, whatever the degree of their courage in ordinary circumstances, the orators one and all, like honest Diggory, are as bauld as a lion when the catables and drinkables are brought upon the table. We are

unable to perceive what good effect such clubs and such gatherings can possibly produce upon anybody. Their practical result is the exaltation of the busybody, and the getting up of addresses in honor of some foreign or domestic curiosity. In truth, the authors and authoresses of England are rapidly becoming as great a nuisance collectively as the mothers of England used to make themselves half a century ago.

We have neither the time nor the inclination here to investigate the maze of "literary London"—that intricate network of coteries and mutual-admiration societies. But for those who desire a trustworthy and amusing guide-book to a curious labyrinth, we can recommend with some confidence a little work which appeared only the other day from the pen of Mr. W. P. Ryan.¹ Mr. Ryan has, at all events, the courage of his opinions. Disgusted, as he well might be, with the prevailing chorus of indiscriminating eulogy, he ventured from time to time to speak his mind very plainly about some of the most admired of the young lions. Blessed with a pretty wit and a keen scent for the ludicrous, he seldom fails to emulate a well-known patent medicine in "touching the spot." Whether it was worth while to collect his fugitive articles from the newspaper files is another matter; but we are disposed to find ample justification for his volume in the all too flourishing condition of the puffing industry.

Those persons who prefer to see authors, not as others see them, but as themselves would fain be seen, will turn with relief from Mr. Ryan's pungent page to a highly diverting and by no means useless compilation, entitled "Who's Who."² The spirited editor has there collected all sorts of particulars about all sorts of celebrities, and the particulars have in most cases been supplied by the celebrities them-

¹ "Literary London: Its Lights and Comedies." By W. P. Ryan. London: Leonard Smithers, 1893.

² "Who's Who." 1893. Edited by Douglas Sladen. London: A. & C. Black.

selves. An ordinary peerage makes the best of reading to some people; but when more intimate details are super-added to the bare facts of birth, death and marriage, the record becomes positively entrancing. When we read under the name of a comparatively new peer the touching words "*Heir: none*," do we not seem to catch the tone of a veritable *cri du cœur*? How suggestive it is to learn that "roaming east of Aldgate and south" is the favorite pastime of one writer; that a second takes delight in "moon and star-gazing when resting on oars in the country;" while another, with superior enterprise, "makes a point of covering at least ten thousand miles of new ground every year!" What will he do, poor man, when all the new ground has become old? Once more, to be told that a certain novelist takes pleasure in "whist, cycling, visiting the New Forest, and talking to children," is surely to be prepossessed in the lady's favor; while the fact that a well-known actor returns his chief recreation as "working" should banish forever all unworthy doubts as to the lofty moral tone of "the profession." Most inspiring of all, perhaps, is the description of a lady notorious for carrying modesty to inordinate lengths. "She has never abandoned her love of music, and is a proficient on the piano and mandolin. She has no particular hobbies except a great love of flowers, and a taste for collecting rare old books, of which she has many unique specimens. Her favorite recreations are reading and music; she is extremely fond of the theatre, and takes the keenest interest in the principal dramatic events of the day. *She is at present unmarried.*" Fortified, then, by many consultations with this wonderful manual, and nerved by the resolute determination to banish from memory all the portraits of contemporary authors which have appeared in the illustrated papers, we enter upon the performance of our task.

We cannot do better than begin with Mr. H. G. Wells, who, like so many

other persons of promise, commenced author under the auspices of Mr. Henley. Few editors since the days of *Houshold Words* have enjoyed in the same degree as that gentleman the gift of attracting to their banner untold writers who, whatever their faults or affectations might be, had a manifest turn for *writing*; and thus in the dusty pages of the *Scots Observer* will be found the first kindlings of not a few flames which, if they have not all set the Thames on fire, have at least made a respectable blaze. It was there that one encountered the bracing and delightful first shock of the "*Barrack-Room Ballads*," and it is there that two or three of Mr. Barrie's most sincere admirers seek for what they venture to consider his best and most typical work—"middles" that never have been, and never will be, reprinted. Mr. Wells, then, was one of Mr. Henley's "young men," as the phrase goes, and "*The Time-Machine*" entitled him beyond question to an honorable place in that band. Since then he has been not so much prolific as industrious; but he has not produced anything comparable to his earliest achievement. The idea of the story was highly ingenious, and it was carried out with remarkable consistency, vigor and effect. A gloomy and powerful imagination seemed to have fastened itself upon a thoroughly congenial theme, and the speculations of science were made to subserve the ends of literature with absolute loyalty and obedience. Mr. Wells has sometimes been compared with Jules Verne, but the terrible and moving picture of the world's last twilight was enough to place Mr. Wells in a wholly different class from that agreeable writer, and to hold out hopes for the future, which unfortunately have not yet been realized. "*The Island of Doctor Moreau*," it is true, exhibited traces of the same gruesome faculty, but as a work of art it was immeasurably inferior to its predecessor. A tendency to dwell upon the merely repulsive and shocking was one of its most glaring faults,

and it would be idle to ignore the satire on religion and humanity implicit in the whole fable. There was a good deal of the bitterness of Swift; but there was none of Swift's compelling and overwhelming power. Nor can it be said that "The War of the Worlds" has done anything to enhance Mr. Wells's reputation. It also was abundantly clever in conception, and well thought out in detail. Nothing could be happier or more in keeping than the device by which the inhabitants of Mars are ultimately got rid of. But the effect of the whole is unmistakably disappointing, and the impressiveness so laboriously toiled for is not secured. Perhaps our view of the story is unconsciously tinged by the recollection of the pictures which embellished, or rather disfigured, its course as a serial through "Pearson's Magazine." We cannot think that Mr. Wells's artist did him a good turn, and the whole cast of the author's genius strikes us as being eminently out of harmony with pictorial illustration. It may be added that in anything of a lighter or more humorous nature which he has attempted Mr. Wells has not been conspicuously successful.

"Come! let us turn on Mr. Wells's tap," was probably what Mr. Barry Pain said to himself when he began "The Octave of Claudius," so far his most ambitious work. To characterize it as a failure would be harsh and unjust. The suspense is well maintained, and there is a good deal more of character-drawing than is attempted in much current fiction. Yet upon the whole it is a disappointment, considering Mr. Pain's rich gifts of observation and humor. Neither the pathetic nor the painful, to be frank, is Mr. Pain's forte. His masterpiece, when it is given to the world, will probably be modelled upon decidedly original lines; but in the meantime the fine flower of his talent has been generously bestowed upon journalism. We will not say "wasted," nor need we pull a solemn face and lecture Mr. Pain about it. *Il faut vivre*; and he must be a churl who feels no glow of

gratitude for the soliloquies of the 'Bus-Conductor in *To-day*, or for the excellent travesties in *Black and White* of some well-known features of latter-day journalism. The parodies of an editor's answers to the noodles who confide in him their love affairs and ask advice are admirable; but we shall always look back to "The Wares of Oesophagus"—a burlesque of a well-known column in the *Pall Mall* devoted to eating and drinking—as the cream of Mr. Pain's dish. The piece was short—a mere trifle indeed. But every touch told, and the very title was enough to engage the judicious reader's sympathy. Mr. Pain has taken particular trouble with his Cockney dialect, and has reproduced the eccentricities of that speech with an elaboration which often bewilders and sometimes fatigues. Assuredly the philologist of the future will have no excuse for ignorance of the precise value of vowel-sounds in the metropolis towards the closing years of the Victorian era. Something less scientifically and phonetically accurate might have satisfied a contemporary. Perhaps Mr. Pain writes with one eye on posterity. Nevertheless, we scarcely think the Tompkins poems in his best vein. There are some writers who, to use Mr. Greenwood's classic and expressive phrase, "cut the string" early, and some who cut it late. But it is better to cut the string late than not at all, and when the psychological moment arrives for Mr. Pain to apply the knife with success, we are confident that he will mount to altitudes scarcely less exalted than those which Mr. Anstey reached, safe and sound, some time ago.

Mr. Arthur Morrison is another of Mr. Henley's young men, who, after making an excellent start, yet seems to lag on his way to the winning-post. But we candidly own that we owe him a grudge; for 'twas he and no other who afforded the most recent pretext for reviving that most dreary of all controversies—idealism *versus* realism. Our readers need be under no apprehension. We are not about to take a

side in that miserable and inconclusive logomachy. Let them bear in mind that the true idealist is the realist, and the true realist the idealist; and they will have a formula wherewith to confound the blatant, and at the same time a solution of the problem to the full as intelligible and lucid as all the disquisitions about M. Emile Zola and his art. It is good to brush away the jargon of the squabble. A Paisley man was once known to advocate foreign travel because it prevented the mind from becoming "contrackit;" and to dispense with the terminology of esthetics has often the same salutary effect. "Contrackit," at all events, that mind must be pronounced to be which obstinately denies high merit to "Tales of Mean Streets." They are not exactly pleasant reading—so much may be granted. But they are vivid, well-proportioned, and, above all, sincere. To "A Child of the Jago" we are not prepared to award an equal measure of applause. Not that it matters one atom whether the Jago does, or ever did, exist. The point is that what, broken up into short stories, was more than tolerable, becomes monotonous and distressing in one continuous and unrelieved narrative. Yet we believe that for Mr. Morrison there is a future in store. He has candor, and he has observation, which is half the battle; nor is he fond of describing persons or scenes with which he is plainly unacquainted. If, however, he is some day to come into his kingdom, he must eschew performances like "The Adventures of Martin Hewitt," whose inspiration is obvious, and whose execution is painfully laborious and unconvincing.

The thought of "Martin Hewitt" reminds one that authors are no less imitative than the remainder of their species. Of how numerous a progeny has "She," for example, been the unhappy mother! Velled beauties, toothless crones, Arab Sheikhs, low-comedy body-servants, and precious stones, cluttered like hey-go-mad through the pages of the illustrated magazines for many a weary day.

The loins of "Sherlock Holmes" have been equally fruitful, and at the moment of writing, an amateur detective is making an ass of himself at the Court of the Czar or the Great Cham—we forget which—in one of the popular monthlies. The reverse of the medal has also been presented for our inspection, and one would have supposed that in the long series of knavery which the possession of a property-hump made possible to Simon Carne, the tale of complicated intrigue had reached the very apex of absurdity. It is interesting, by the way, to note how the form into which Samuel Warren deliberately chose to throw his earliest contribution to *Maga* is at present the reigning favorite. It combines the attractions of the short story with those peculiar to the serial. An imaginary being is selected, certain episodes in whose life are narrated from month to month. They need have no logical connection, but the thread that binds them together, be it more or less slight, is never too fragile to serve as an excuse for republication in a volume. It would be impossible to enumerate the immense variety of characters who have thus been made the pegs on which hang a collection of adventures. They embrace every rank in the community, from the African millionaire to the lady-journalist, from the genteel boarding-house-keeper to the diplomatist, from the mistress of royalty to the plush-clad "flunkey," as the Shepherd would have called him. In most of these works the author's imagination works with much less smoothness and spontaneity than a nice critic might desire, and we have found none of them especially attractive. But, in justice to the others, the palm for dulness must not be withheld from "Stories from the Diary of a Doctor," and "Adventures of a Man of Science,"—the joint work, apparently, of a lady and a gentleman. More painful results of straining invention on the rack—more cogent, though unconscious, testimony to the beneficent influence of a little first-hand observation—it has rarely been our lot to

come across, save in the works of Mr. Allen Upward.

It is one of the most cheering features of the fiction purveyed by the best of the cheap illustrated magazines that the "sexual problem" novel is conspicuously absent. The taste of the bulk of the public seems on this point to be thoroughly healthy, if not very fastidious; and though a certain section of the pictorial press seems to find that a dose of *crim. con.*, or some other decoction of illicit passion, makes the most fitting accompaniment to half-length portraits of half-dressed actresses, such unwholesome fare practically never makes its appearance in the menu of the *Strand*, the *Windsor* or *Pearson's*. The historical novel, on the other hand, enjoys a very fair amount of vogue; and disciples of Mr. Stanley Weyman and Mr. Conan Doyle are neither few nor far between. As a rule, they show most praiseworthy diligence in cramming for their task, and make most conscientious struggles to reproduce the atmosphere and the accessories of the age into which the story happens to be thrown. But the art which conceals these labors is a rare gift. It is in dialogue, of course, that the weakness most openly betrays itself. We do not ask for "Wardour Street English"—a hideous and repellant dialect. All we demand is that sentiments and language reeking of the present day should not be attributed to characters at the Court of Charlemagne or of Chedorlaomer. Two works, however, we call to mind which seemed to rise above the levels of their rivals. One was "Captain Jacobus," which originally appeared in the *Ludgate*, and in which Mr. Cornford achieved distinct success. The other was even more noteworthy as being one of the few productions of the day the author of which seemed to be thoroughly saturated not merely with the speech but with the thought of his "period." To read the adventures of "Gallopington Dick" was to be transported to the Whitehall of Old Rowley, and to breathe the same air as Rochester,

Dorset and Buckingham. Nor did Mr. Marlott-Watson permit certain typical constituents of that atmosphere to overpower the senses: everything was regulated by a sense of proportion. *O si sic omnia!* we may well exclaim; for Mr. Watson's temporary desertion of the Muses would occasion more poignant regret but for his propensity to lapse into matters generally and rightly regarded as *tacenda*. How often have we wished that Mr. Henley had checked those exuberances of his pupil for which no amount of cleverness could possibly atone!

Even the historical novel, however, is much less frequently encountered than the pure story of adventure, of which the supply seems never to fail or the charms to pall. Sensational, no doubt, is a term applicable to nearly all this class of work; but the epithet has long ceased to be odious. That a tale is wildly exciting is so much in its favor. What is really objectionable is the piling up of startling or horrible incidents without reason, logic or plausibility. We are far from pretending that this simple canon is rigidly observed by every sixpenny-worth of fiction and pictures which the reader may chance to buy. But the wonder really is that the average of merit is so high. The sea naturally continues to furnish a large proportion of the material for such narratives; and among the writers who have recently begun to figure regularly in the magazines we can think of none who turns that material to better account than Mr. J. Arthur Barry. Those who read his contribution to the *Strand* concerning an escaped convict and a bell-buoy would not be surprised to hear of his having a rapid and prosperous voyage to the port of success.

Perhaps the most prominent of the nautical writers is Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne, who has lately "come on" in a surprising manner. "Captain Kettle," whose figure is now so familiar on the news-boards, is an unmistakably original and ingenious character. We do not think much of his tendency to drop into poetry. The trait is conventional,

and not particularly effective. Nor is it easy to understand why a man of the captain's honesty, quick-wittedness and courage should always fail to procure respectable, permanent and remunerative employment. But the little skipper lives and breathes, to say nothing of smoking and swearing. It is from no desire to detract from Mr. Hyne's deserts that we attribute some share of the captain's popularity to the gentleman who has illustrated the series of his exploits in *Pearson's*. Mr. Hyne, we are sure, would be the first to acknowledge his debt to Mr. Stanley L. Wood, who has, indeed, served him as well as Mr. Wells's artist served him ill. There may be some monotony in the attitudes. The figure of Captain Kettle "drawing a bead" on some one in precisely the same attitude has perhaps been repeated a little too often. But, take them all in all, the pictures are as vigorous as the text they adorn; and it would be well if author and artist were always as well mated, and worked with such complete unity of spirit and of aim.

What Mr. Hyne is to make of his new series, of which "Prince Rupert" is the hero, the future will disclose; but we must congratulate him heartily on the possession of one, unhappily rare, excellence. He tells a plain, straightforward story in a plain, straightforward manner. The reader is not distracted from his business by contortions of style designed to show what a clever fellow the author is. No red herring of epigram is drawn across the scent of the fable. No false beacons of "distinction" and subtlety," which lure so many of our young mariners to their destruction, avail to tempt Mr. Hyne from his course. It is not without due deliberation that we make the assertion that no more baleful influence has been in active operation in the literature of the last ten years than that of Mr. George Meredith and Mr. Stevenson. Let us assume for the moment that the style of "The Egoist" is the embodiment of flexibility, elegance and

strength—in a word, of every virtue which a style should possess. It by no means follows that every youngster should propose it to himself as a model at the beginning of his career. Perhaps, if he is a *very* good boy, and industrious withal, he may some day be able to contort the Queen's English into as many queer and uncanny shapes as his betters. But let him have patience. The professors of ground and lofty tumbling, we presume, break their offspring gradually to the game; nor do we imagine that Telemachus played at bow-and-arrow with the celebrated weapon of his father. When he wrote "Treasure Island" and "Kidnapped," Mr. Stevenson had sense enough to discard some of the fripperies which were the glory of his early essays, and were not out of place in "Prince Otto." But look, by way of contrast, at Mr. Capes, of whose sterling qualities as a writer the readers of *Maga* have had the opportunity of judging. His new novel, "The Lake of Wine," is in many respects an excellent and admirable performance. The author's imagination is rich and as yet unwearied; he is no stranger to the spirit of true romance. "Instead of which" he disfigures an honest and exciting narrative by a superfluity of decoration.

By far the most terrible example of the consequences of yielding to this craze for "style" is supplied by Mr. Benjamin Swift. Mr. Swift, if all tales are true, resides on the pleasant banks of the Molendinar; but since, in an evil moment, some one or other discovered him, he has been as shamelessly puffed as though he were a young American, or on the staff of the Dissenting press. We have heard of a writer to the signet who spoke such exceedingly high English that a professional brother bluntly pronounced his conversation to be "purrrfectly unintelligible." A very similar verdict may be returned as to Mr. Swift's lucubrations. He takes as much pains to be obscure as other people take to be lucid. There are, heh! strange moments in this life, he sagaciously re-

marks. But (as some one has said) there are, hilloa there! much stranger moments in Mr. Swift's works. No one who has not looked into them would believe how hard he struggles to be incomprehensible, or into what ecstasies of affectation he works himself. And, so far as we have been able to perceive, not one single acute observation, not one solitary stroke of true humor, lies hid beneath his grotesque and labored accumulation of verbiage.

The humorous story seems to enjoy a much smaller share of popularity than the "stirring" tale of mystery or adventure. Perhaps it is not surprising that humor should be temporarily under a cloud. It is not far from ten years since the publication of "Three Men in a Boat" heralded the dawn of what was called the "new humor"—a commodity suspiciously resembling the old vulgarity. The work which we have named was, in fact, commonly cited as an example of vulgarity without fun, while the Hamlet of a well-known and highly successful actor-manager was the typical specimen of fun without vulgarity. The new humor certainly hit the public taste for a time. A weekly newspaper and a monthly magazine—of the *Strand* type—were instituted by its leading apostle. The former was a curiosity in its way. It is interesting to study the throes of an indifferently trained mind endeavoring to solve the most subtle problems of casuistry; and Mr. Jerome's answers in *To-day* to the correspondents who, in the modern fashion, rushed to impart their difficulties and doubts to a sympathetic editor, instead of to a priest, were significant and curious, if at times a little painful. We rather gather that the new humor palled upon the public taste; for after one last loud and prolonged screech (it extended over many weeks) on the wickedness of the Sublime Porte and the still more heinous crimes of Great Britain, the control of the periodical was transferred to other hands. The new humor was indeed too distressing to last long. It does actually for the police reports in the

evening papers, but in a book it fatigues. The source of its inspiration was obviously the United States, where machinery has notoriously been brought to a high pitch of perfection, and where it could be turned out in large quantities of really wonderfully even quality. But in this sluggish country, machine-made humor has not altogether ousted the old-fashioned article, although plenty of it may be met with in the scrappy papers. Mr. Jerome's disciples—or, at all events, the writers who rallied to his standard—have written a good deal. But neither Mr. Barr nor Mr. Burgin (to name but two) will reach the highest level of which they are capable until they eradicate from their systems the poison which is bred of writing for years with an eye to nobody but 'Arry.

Mr. W. W. Jacobs is a young writer whose works have received not altogether unmerited praise for being amusing. We confess to having read "The Skipper's Wooling" with pleasure and satisfaction; but all the indications point to Mr. Jacobs's vein of humor being thin, and another volume of the same kind would be likely to obliterate a sufficiently agreeable impression. Whether Mr. Jacobs has really the root of the matter in him or not, it is impossible as yet to determine. Mr. Pett Ridge, on the other hand, we are inclined to think, certainly has. To be sure, he made Mr. Anstey his original model with a frankness which, however complimentary to that delightful author, was a little startling. Yet his audacity was atoned for by his "extensive and peculiar" acquaintance with the lower classes of London. He lacked the exquisite finish and the delicate touch of his master; but he contributed something of his own which was worth having. His best work, if we recollect aright, appeared in the *St. James's Gazette*, and his recent volumes, though much more ambitious, have scarcely fulfilled the early promise of the journalism. Mr. Ridge, we suspect from his frequent appearance in the

magazines, is writing far too much, and he has, moreover, trespassed occasionally into a region of society which his method is capable of reproducing much less successfully than that in sketching which he first achieved distinction. Mayfair and Belgravia are not his hunting-ground; but in the boundless prairie east of Temple Bar he can always "kill" when he pleases.

The connection between journalism and literature is closer to-day than it ever was before. The *littérateurs* write *causeries*, and the humbler *causeurs* all burn to write literature. The gossiping is done prettily enough, though none—unless it be Mr. L. F. Austin—is left to chat so pleasantly as Mr. James Payn. But it is still happily possible to read good articles in the daily and even the weekly papers without being informed at the end who wrote them. There must be hundreds of skilled and honest workers on the press, of whose labors we have reaped the benefit without knowing the name of our benefactors. Long may the system of anonymity flourish! They, too, no doubt—these anonymous leader-writers, correspondents and reporters—are sensitive to the literary influences of the moment; but it is a curious circumstance that, while the average literary style of to-day is, to say the least of it, no better than that of twenty years ago, there has been upon the whole a marked improvement in the style of journalism. The school of which Mr. Sala was the preceptor has disappeared; and we have instead a school which tries to write straightforwardly and vigorously—a school of which Mr. G. W. Stevens is perhaps the most distinguished pupil. Sometimes it becomes rather "slangy" and rather too colloquial. It is apt also to keep forcing the note, for the public requires new sensations and big headlines; but it is preferable by far to the school which it replaced. The old manner lingers in the provinces. Fire is still the "devouring element" in the *Chatteris Chronicle* and the *Brac Highlandman*. But it is rarely that

one comes across so pure a specimen of the provincial pressman's art as the following sentences *apropos* of a Crimean veteran's death: "The deceased was well-connected, one of his brothers having been a writer to the signet and the other a druggist." Need the reader ask in what morning paper of what capital of what country this gem was discovered?

Our survey of popular literature, incomplete as we fear it has necessarily been, suggests one or two reflections. The first is, how strong an appeal is made to the half-educated man. We have said that the problem-novel is not very popular, but much fiction which does not come under that heading requires at least an indication from the writer as to his philosophy of life. Hence, musty truisms are bellowed forth as if they were new discoveries, and the most commonplace and obvious remarks on the oldest and most battered of *aporiae* are hailed as tokens of "thoughtfulness." "The Christian" is the very type of the class of work which is addressed to, and eagerly swallowed by, a credulous and half-curious public; but no educated man would dream of taking seriously that "colossal" mass of crude and half-digested material. We have already spoken of Mr. Jerome's as a curious case of a half-educated mind applying itself to questions which it innocently believes to be novel; and Mr. Coulson Kernahan is equally bent upon taking himself seriously. But writers of a much higher order than Mr. Caine or Mr. Jerome seem unable to resist the tendency. Even they have scarcely committed themselves to more ingenuous platitudes than those by which Mr. Conan Doyle—apparently to his own satisfaction—has unravelled the skein of theology and metaphysics in "The Stark-Munro Letters."

A second observation suggested by our survey is that the art of character-painting seems practically lost. It is natural, no doubt, that when a story depends for its chief attraction upon plot and incident, character must fall

into abeyance.¹ But we think our demand is not extravagant when we plead for a little more individuality in the personages through whose agency the plot is evolved and the incidents are brought about. What has happened on the stage is happening in the novel: a group of conventional characters has come into existence, and makes its appearance in every production with unerring punctuality. The heavy fathers; the maidenly heroines; the young heroes, who are fighting their way to fame and wealth through misrepresentation and calumny; the gentlemanly villains, who endeavor, for no intelligible reason, to thwart the legitimate ambition of the heroes—these are all as stereotyped in the novel as in the drama. You look in vain for a hint that the novelist has looked upon his fellow-creatures with his own eyes. He only sees them through the spectacles of a hundred predecessors. There is more real life and character in the slight but brilliant sketches of low life contributed occasionally to the sporting press by Mr. A. M. Binstead and Mr. Mott than in most of the volumes in request at Mudie's.

This want of observation is especially noticeable when the novelist is called upon to deal—we do not say with those exalted spheres wherein Mr. Tony Jobling's imagination loved to roam, but—with the upper and professional classes of English society. It must not be thought for a moment that he regularly produces stuff so unspeakably offensive as "The Quest of the Golden Girl"—the emetic quality of which not even our most popular lady-novelists, or Mr. Benjamin Swift himself, could rival. But, just as no portrait of a gentleman or a lady has been suffered to appear in *Punch* since Mr. Du Maurier's death, so there would seem to be a conspiracy on foot among the novelists to dissemble their

knowledge of those ranks of life to which we have alluded, and to feign an ignorance as profound as that of Miss Annie S. Swan or Mr. George R. Sims. For we cannot suppose that this ostentatious want of knowledge is real, though the resources of art enable them to carry it off naturally enough. We learn from our "Who's Who" that many of them had a university education, and that most, besides a house in town, have a box in the country. Is it conceivable that they only associate with one another, and that at the banquets to which we have already alluded? We can hardly think so; and are constrained to marvel at the pains they take to disclaim all familiarity with the dress, speech, thought, habits, tone and mode of life of ordinary English gentlemen: an affectation, be it remarked, in which they are very ably seconded by the eminent artists who illustrate their works. What "bounders" in knickerbockers, Norfolk jackets and Homburg hats the wags palm off upon the guileless sixpenny public as men of fashion! What barmaids, or what milliners' dummies, as the daughters of the landed aristocracy! The contrast between the clumsy touch with which the dandies were handled by Mr. Doyle in "Rodney Stone," and the easy and vigorous strokes which brought the prize-fighters vividly before us, was very striking: nor is it less noticeable how in "The Tragedy of the Korosko" two such very ordinary beings as a young English diplomat and an Oxford Don are treated as if the author were almost afraid of them—as if they were wild beasts in a menagerie, or "freaks" in a museum. Perhaps a mere critic is apt to forget that the great American public—"our Anglo-Saxon brothers on the other side of the herring-pond," as Sir Walter Besant would call them in his genial way—must be catered for, and probably must have its English characters cut on a fixed pattern. But no one who has recently noted the edifying enthusiasm of our leading men of letters and journalists in the cause of

¹ We cannot join with Mr. George Gissing in assuming that the general technique of novels at the present time is superior to that which was common in the Dickens era. Far from it. Such a hypothesis seems quite unfounded.

Uncle Sam can fail to realize the very substantial nature of the links which unite them, at all events, to Columbia.

What effect does this vast quantity of fiction produce on the mind and morals of the public that reads it? That it has no bad direct moral consequences may willingly be granted, without necessarily giving a satisfactory answer to the question. We are inclined, for our own part, to fear that it must exercise in the long-run an influence enervating and debilitating rather than bracing and tonic; that instead of building up character upon the solid foundation of principle, it runs it up on the rickety foundation of emotion; and that, far from fortifying the reader for the trials and vicissitudes of life, it saps such resolution and firmness as he may already possess. Even in the humblest lives there arrives, from time to time, a crisis; and our suspicion is that, steeped in fiction, the man or woman who has to "face the music" will do so, not with courage and sincerity, but, on the contrary, with a perpetual effort to ape the conduct and the language of the heroes and heroines who in the pages of a thousand novelettes and short stories have been compelled to undergo similar experiences. But this topic is much too ample and important for discussion at the end of a long paper. We commend it cordially to the serious attention of philosophers and of the clergy.

From The Contemporary Review.
THE REVOLT IN ITALY.

May, 1898, will be remembered for a long time in Italy, and one may wish that that eventful month may mark the turning-point in political life of the new kingdom. The revolt was general, the explosion broke out almost suddenly, but long was the period of preparation. "*Malcontento*" is quite a household word in Italy—and the Italians have more than one reason to

be dissatisfied with their national government.

The rise in the price of bread, as a consequence of the Hispano-American war, was the immediate, but by no means the only, cause of the uprising which darkened the skies of sunny Italy for several days. The enormous taxation imposed upon a people yet young in its national life, in order to carry out a policy far too big for the financial means of the country; the failure in the attempt to establish a strong colony in the Red Sea; the economic war with France; the scanty help Italy received from her allies in time of need; the political corruption, unchecked when not encouraged by those who stood at the helm of the State; the impotence of the Chambers of Deputies to deal with the evil-doers as the claims of justice and the voice of the people required—all these evils have prepared a propitious ground for the agitators both of the radical and reactionary parties.

The Bread Riots began towards the end of April, and in a few days they assumed a very alarming aspect, especially in the small towns of the Neapolitan provinces, inhabited by people ordinarily pacific and law-abiding. The destruction of property was wanton and widespread, women careless of their lives leading the men to the assault. In many cases the riots soon came to an end; in others the immediate abolition of the *octroi* did not produce the desired effect.

To show how hard was the task of the local authorities I will point out, as a fair instance, what happened at Naples. First, there was a demonstration against the duty on bread, which was promptly abolished. Then another demonstration took place against the price of bread, which was still too high, and the price was lowered to thirty-five cents per kilo—about threepence for a two-pound loaf. The people were pleased, but not the bakers, who at once decided to shut up all their bakeries. The mayor wisely opened about forty municipal bakeries. The people had their bread.

but the bakers were out of work; hence a fourth riotous demonstration of all the workers. The mayor was once more equal to the emergency, and told them, "You want work, very well. Go to your bakeries, make as much bread as you like, and, provided it is of the proper quality and properly baked, I will buy it from you and sell it to the people."

The public peace at Naples was thus restored, but in the neighboring villages the riots increased to a very alarming extent. In many cases the ferocity of the people was simply Kurdish. I will remember in their favor *malo suades fame*, but even hunger, in its most cruel form, cannot justify atrocious deeds of the following kind.

On May 1st a mob of about three thousand, mostly women, took possession of the little town of Minervino Murge, in the province of Bari. In less than three hours they ransacked and devastated all the public buildings—town hall, post office, telegraph office, savings' bank, tax-collector's office, *octroi* office—and six private houses. The Under-Prefect of Barletta, informed of what was going on, sent there thirty soldiers and a few carabinieri. They were, however, powerless to cope with the revolt, and were compelled at once to take shelter in the barracks, which were soon surrounded by the irritated mob. Meantime the house of the doctor, Signor Giuseppe Brandi, and the house and mill of Signor Barletta, were ransacked and ruined, after the massacre of the owners. Doctor Brandi faced the mob from the window of his upper room, and begged them, for mercy's sake, to go away, as his wife was ill, and any disturbance might kill her, as, in fact, it did.

One of the ringleaders answered the doctor with a scornful and threatening grin, and with all his might tried to smash the door. The doctor seized a revolver and killed him on the spot. The house was at once invaded, the doctor was soon caught and cut to pieces with an axe, and the bed on

which Signora Brandi was lying was set on fire. She contrived to get out of the flames, but soon after fell dead on the ground.

Signor Barletta was similarly situated. He, too, tried to appease the mob by giving them the keys of the mill. "Take all the flour," he said, "but save my life and my wife's." The mob shouted in reply, "*A morte! A morte!*" Signor Barletta then took all he possessed in money—about sixty thousand lire—and threw it to the mob, saying: "Here is all I have got; take it, but save our lives." Not even this could quench the bloodthirstiness of the mob; they wanted his blood, and they got it. The house was invaded and burned, the mill was ransacked and devastated, and Signor Barletta was killed on the spot. The fury of the mob lasted two days more, and the rioters, in their madness, emptied sacks of flour into the gutter. It was bread at the beginning, but it was raging vengeance and madness at the end.

There was no organization in the Neapolitan provinces; the riots were absolutely independent of one another, but they were originated by the same cause—misery; they aimed at the same object—a loud protest by means of devastation; they all ended in the same way—viz.: after two or three days the soldiers restored order, the dead were buried, and the ringleaders taken to prison to be dealt with by the military court.

In the north, at Milan, the uprising was of quite a different character.

In the south of Italy it was truly a question of bread and bread alone. In central Italy it was a question of work, in Lombardy a truly revolutionary movement. The Neapolitan mob shouted for bread and bread alone, some asking for cheaper bread, some others for "free bread." In Tuscany the cry was, "*Pane o Lavoro!*" (bread or work). In Lombardy quite another trumpet was sounded: "Down with the Government! Down with the Dynasty!" The Milanese, of all the people of Italy, have plenty of work

and bread, and it is admitted by all that bread had nothing to do with the revolt of Milan. I have studied this movement from its inception, and my conclusion is that the revolt broke out long before it was expected, thus making the discomfiture more certain.

The great majority of the population of Milan was, and is, conservative and loyal to the king, although not pleased with the doings of the government. Only a minority, but a very noisy and active minority, is against monarchical institutions. For some time past the revolutionary party of Milan have made no mystery of their political aspirations towards the establishment of a Milanese republic, to be called "Repubblica Ambrogiana." The *Secolo*, as the principal organ of the democracy in Lombardy, has often hinted at the possibility of forming such a republic, whilst the *Italia del Popolo*, the official organ of the republican party, written at the headquarters and by the principal leaders, has for these last ten years worked to this end, not only by means of anti-dynastic articles, but also by distributing to their subscribers, as a kind of Christmas box, one year a gauntlet, another year a revolver, another a blackthorn. Last year they gave for Christmas presents satchels, with these words: "*Dàlli al tronco*," the republican motto of Alberto Mario, which means: "Strike at the root"—i.e., the monarchy.

The first barricade erected on the fatal Sunday, the 8th of May, was adorned by such a motto, and the defenders wore the satchel.

Milan is also the headquarters of Socialism and Anarchism. Socialists and Republican once upon a time were implacable foes. Many a battle they fought one against the other; but since 1886 the two have come to love each other more, or to hate each other less, whichever it may be; and towards the end of 1895 they entered into partnership against their common enemy—Crispi! Then the Anarchists came in. Decent Republicans and timid Socialists were rather averse to ally themselves with anarchy; the very name

was loathsome to them. However, this natural mistrust soon disappeared, and the Anarchists were welcomed into the dual alliance. Still another element was to enter—the clerical party. The Church of Italy is the natural enemy of the present kingdom. She has been despoiled of the temporal power, and, as the end justifies the means, a faction of the clerical party, led by a well-known priest and agitator, Don Davide Albertario, entered into this alliance of the revolutionary forces, which became a Republican-Socialist-Anarchic-Clerical league, each party working for its particular end, but all against the Dynasty of Savoy, which is the stronghold of united Italy. They all know that as long as the present dynasty lives, so long will last the unity of Italy, and, therefore, so long there will be no room for a federative Republic, nor for Socialism, Anarchism, or the Temporal Power. The faults of the government were great, no doubt. I will not try to excuse them here, much as I should like to do so; but in fairness to a much-trying ministry, I am bound to notice that the Italian government have not only to fight against forces which are, as everywhere else, naturally anti-constitutional, but also against the church, which in every other country is a strong Conservative and law-abiding power.

Each set of agitators had its own special organ—to wit, *Il Secolo* for the advanced Radicals, *L'Italia del Popolo* for the Republicans, *La Lotta di Classe* for the Socialists and Anarchists, and the *Osservatore Cattolico* for the clerical agitators. All these papers, now suppressed, for more than two weeks gave prominence to the bread riots in other parts of Italy, thus preparing the minds of the people for a great revolt against the government and the monarchy. The watchword at Milan was not Bread, but Revolution; it could not have been otherwise. And this is how the revolt was brought about. The revolutionary party had decided to have a big demonstration on Sunday, the 8th of May, to sympa-

thize with the bread rioters. To this end a notice was issued on Friday, the 6th, which was worded in a manner to make clear the nature of this demonstration. It was intended as a sort of counterpoise to the demonstration Turin was going to have the same day in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the first Italian Parliament. The article published in the *Secolo* of Milan, of the 7th, clearly stated this. The authorities, therefore, forbade the meeting and ordered the seizure of the notices. On the morning of the 7th the police met three men who were distributing these notices among the workmen of a factory. They were arrested and led to the police station, which, however, was soon surrounded by an exasperated mob, who threatened to invade the building if the three arrested persons were not discharged. The Italian police, *pro bono pacis*, often give way to the demand of the mob to avoid a worse evil, and in this case they at once released two of the persons arrested, against whom no charge was entered, but detained the third one. Through this began the revolt, which lasted fully three days. A few agitators went to some factories and compelled the workmen to cease work at once. It is stated that the police themselves advised some of the employers to close the factories! The Socialist leaders were soon on the spot, and seeing what was going on, tried to prevent any further disorders, but were not listened to. Matters had already taken a wrong turn, and the mob was beyond control. The deputy Turati, now amongst the arrested, in a moment of despair said: "We are not ready yet; let not the police choose the time of our fighting; go home now; we shall soon be together again, and then we will lead you to victory." Signor Turati had for years sown the wind, and the whirlwind proved to be stronger than his exhortations to peace. The spot where this first riot took place was surrounded by many important factories, the workmen of which went, mostly out of curiosity,

to swell the mob in the streets. The police applied at once for military assistance, and on the appearance of the soldiers the mob uttered the not unusual greeting, "Long live our brothers of the Army!" This was a *ruse de guerre* which failed. Soldiers and workmen had at once the first encounter in the fight between law and mob. Two or three were killed on either side: the first blood was thus shed, and it called for more.

In the centre of the city, the West End of Milan, the cry was, "Down with the King! Down with Savoy!" but in the suburbs the cry was, "Down with the masters! Down with property! Long live Socialism!" A workman approached Signor Grondona, the chief of a firm of railway-carriage builders, employing about two thousand hands, and with a sardonic smile said to him: "At last the time has arrived when we shall do no more work, and you shall work for us."

The clericals have not a special cry of their own. They satisfied themselves by rubbing their hands and saying: "Down it goes at last." Little they knew that not the dynasty, not united Italy was then going down, but society itself.

The *Secolo* of May 7th contained this exhortation: "The facts of to-day are ugly, sad and shameful. Why assault palaces and devastate property? Whoever acts in this way is the enemy of the people, the enemy of liberty. You are right in protesting against the killing of your fellow-workers, but as we know that severe orders came from Rome, we beg of you, for your wives' sakes and for your children's, do not go into the streets and be killed. Go home and stay at home; your time will come."

This was accepted as a kind of repentance, but it was too late to mend.

The *Italia del Popolo* was still hopeful, and it sounded another call to arms with an incendiary article on this note: "To-day the police and the army were thirsty, bloodthirsty; they drank our blood, to-morrow we will bathe in theirs." * Both these papers were

seized, and the editorial staffs of both arrested.

The government, informed of the gravity of the situation on the afternoon of the 7th, appointed General Bava-Beccaris military commissioner over all the city, and no better man could have been chosen to cope successfully with the revolt. The night of the 7th passed off quietly, but at dawn of the 8th the revolt broke out again. A friend of mine, who was in the midst of the revolt, assures me that its importance has been very much exaggerated in the first reports sent abroad; and from the official documents, since published, it appears that about ninety barricades were erected, and some twenty houses ransacked to provide the necessary material to build them. The number of the killed amounted to seventy-two, and that of the seriously wounded to sixty-three. On Monday evening order was restored in Milan, but Tuesday, May 10th, was a very dull day, as the silence of death had passed over the most gay city of Italy. One of the most memorable episodes of the third day was the transport of one hundred and four prisoners from the police station to the *cellulare*. They were handcuffed two by two. At each side of them stood a carabineer with a revolver in hand, ready to shoot at the first attempt at escape. In front and in the rear were squadrons of cavalry. This sad *cortège* passed through the streets of Milan amid perfect silence; and I would call this the apotheosis of violence triumphing over madness. On Wednesday morning shops and factories were reopened, but it will take years to undo the mischief done on May 7th, 8th and 9th, 1898. All are sadder now; one may hope that they will be wiser also. The agitators, the deluded, the masses, the governing classes, the government, all have had their lesson; may it be fruitful to them!

Undoubtedly the Milanese agitators misunderstood the feeling of the people at large. They thought that because the great majority of the Milan-

ese was with them in shouting "Down with colonial expansion; down with political corruption; down with Crispi's *megalomania*; down with a policy too big for our limited means," it would likewise be with them in shouting, "Down with the monarchy; down with the dynasty." But here they made their great mistake.

It has been said that two things are very sound in Italy—the king and the people: between the two stand the Parliamentary institutions, which in Italy have, for want of political education and moral courage, worked very badly. The Bishop of London said the other day, "As knowledge is power, ignorance is impotency." This in a nutshell is the sad situation of Italy. Political ignorance has begotten political and moral disorder.

The consequences of the revolt at Milan politically are very serious, because it affects all the future policy of the Italian government in their relations both with the extreme parties and the Church.

It is not necessary to go into particulars, to see how much and in what degree the clerical agitators participated in the revolt of Milan; suffice it to say that the principal organ of the clerical party in Lombardy, edited by Don Davide Albertario, the henchman of Cardinal Ferrari, has for years carried on a campaign against the monarchy, and that at the last *Eucharist* meeting, a clerical orator proclaimed their motto to be *Indietro Savoia*, as an antithesis to the national motto, *Avanti sempre Savoia*.

To make matters worse, Cardinal Ferrari, the Archbishop of Milan, as soon as the revolt broke out, left town. For two days no one knew where he had gone, but on the third day he sent a telegram to General Bava-Beccaris, the military commissioner, to whose hands the city was entrusted, asking him to release all the monks who were arrested during the turmoil. Not having received a telegraphic reply, he sent a letter to General Bava-Beccaris, in which he said: "When I left town I could not foresee the deplorable events

which have thrown all the town into consternation, and I make haste to assure your excellency of my full adherence to the principles of order and justice." The papers at once observed that when Cardinal Ferrari left Milan the revolt was going on and the town was full of barricades.

The general replied to the cardinal very sharply. "I deplore," he says, "that a strange coincidence of facts has not permitted you to be in town in these days of disorder. It would have been a great help if the Milanese clergy, having received from their chief a *diretto impulso*, had spoken without any delay words of peace and tendered their ministrations to shorten the sanguinary and fratricidal struggle." Cardinal Ferrari was not long in perceiving that his position towards the authorities was very much shaken, and directed his coadjutor to go personally to pay a visit to the general. He went at once and offered the services of the Church to pacify the minds of the people. According to a report that appeared in the dailies of May 13th, the general gave this cutting reply: "This offer of the Church is inspired by dread of the consequences of what they have done." The Liberal paper freely attacked Cardinal Ferrari for having deserted his flock in time of danger, and the government for some days announced their intention to take some strong measure against him.

The pope has since written a letter to Cardinal Ferrari, in which he regrets the absence of the archbishop from Milan, but at the same time he uses very strong words against the government and the national press. In the late ministry of the Marquis of Rudini there were two currents: one, led by the Marquis Visconti-Venosta, was for a policy of conciliation towards the Vatican, and of severe measures against the Radical agitators; the other current, led by Signor Zanardelli, was for a policy more severe towards clerical agitators than towards the Radicals. The Marquis of Rudini vainly tried to conciliate the two opposing

forces, and was compelled to present the resignation of his cabinet. The new one he has formed seems disposed to act rigorously against the extreme parties.

The Marquis of Rudini, in presenting to the House his new ministry, said: "You may call me to account for responsibilities incurred by the late administration as well as by the present cabinet, but you should listen to men of honest intentions, with the object of making prompt provision for political and economic necessities. We are on the point of writing one of the most momentous pages of our Parliamentary history; but may the very difficulties that now confront us strengthen our faith in the free institutions which have been, and will be, the religion of our political life!"

This spirited declaration sounds very patriotic, and the premier of Italy shows himself thereby to possess both courage and decision; but something more than drastic measures against the revolutionary and reactionary parties is required to restore in the Italian people some sort of confidence in Parliamentary institutions. Undoubtedly the political wisdom of the present cabinet will be tested by its forthcoming social and economic reforms.

GIOVANNI DALLA VECCHIA.

JOHN SPLENDID.¹

THE TALE OF A POOR GENTLEMAN AND THE
LITTLE WARS OF LORN.

BY NEIL MUNRO.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE MIRACULOUS JOURNEY.

The month of January, as our old Gaelic notion has it, borrows three days from July for a bribe of three young lambs. Those three days we call *Faoilleach*, and often they are very genial and cheerful days, with a sun that in warmth is a sample of the mellow season at hand. But this year, as

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my history has shown, we had no sign of a good *Faoilteach*, and on the morning of the last day of January, when Alasdair MacDonald's army set over the hills, it was wild, tempestuous weather. A wind rose in the dawning and increased in vehemence as the day aged, and with it came a storm of snow—the small, bitter, sifting snow that, encountered on the hill, stings like the ant and drifts in monstrous and impassable wreaths. Round about us yawned the glens, to me nameless, mysterious, choked to the throat with snow-mist that flapped and shook like grey rags. The fields were bleak and empty; the few houses that lay in the melancholy plain were on no particularly friendly terms with this convocation of Ersemen and wild kerns: they shut their doors steadfastly on our doings, and gave us not even the compliment of looking on at our strange maneuvers. There was but one exception, in a staunch and massive dwelling—a manifest baron keep or stout domicile of that nature, just on the border of the field in which the camp was pitched: it was apparently in the charge of two old spinster sisters whose men-folk were afield somewhere else, for they had shuttered the windows, barricaded the doors, and ever and anon would they show blanched faces as the tumult of our preparation disturbed them, and they came to the door and cunningly pulled it open a little and looked out on this warlike array. If a soldier made a step in their direction they fled inside with terror, and their cries rang in the interior.

Those two spinsters—very white, very thin clad for a morn so rigorous, and with a trepidation writ on every feature—were all that saw us off on our march to the south-east. They came out and stood hand in hand on the door-stoop, and I have little doubt the honest bodies thanked the God of Israel that the spoilers were departed furth their neighborhood.

The country we now plunged into, as may be guessed, was a *terra incognita* to me. Beyond that it was Badenoch

and an unhealthy clime for all that wear the Campbell tartan, I could guess no more. It was after these little wars were over I discovered the names of the localities—the glens, mounts, passes, streams and drove-roads—over which we passed in a march that Gustavus never faced the like of.

With good judgment enough our captors put a small advance-guard ahead, a score of Airlie's troopers, swanky, blaspheming persons, whose horses pranced very gayly up Glen Tarf, guided by John Lom. M'Iver and I walked together with the main body, quite free and unfettered, sometimes talking with affability to our captors. The Irish were in good humor; they cracked jokes with us in their particular Gaelic that at first is ill for a decent Gael of Albion to follow, if uttered rapidly, but soon becomes as familiar as the less foreign language of the Athole men, whose tongue we Argiles find some strange conceits in. If the Irish were affable, the men of our own side of the ocean were most singularly morose—small wonder, perhaps, for we have little reason to love each other. Sour dogs! they gloomed at us under their bonnets and swore in their beards. I have no doubt but for their gentry there had been dirks in us before we reached Corryarick.

It was with the repartee of the Irish and the scowls of the Gaels we went up the rough valley of the Tarf, where the wind moaned most drearily and drove the thin, fine snow like a smoke of burning heather. But when we got to the pass of Corryarick our trials began, and then such spirit did M'Iver put in the struggle with the task before us, such snatches of song, sharp sayings and old story—such comradary, as it might be named—that we were on good terms with all. For your man of family the Gael has ever some regard. M'Iver (not to speak of myself) was so manifestly the *duine-nasail* that the coarsest of the company fell into a polite tone, helped to their manners to some degree, no doubt, by the example of Montrose and Airlie, who at the

earliest moments of our progress walked beside us and discoursed on letters and hunting, and soldiering in the foreign wars.

The pass of Corryarick met us with a grinning face and white fangs. On Tarf-side there was a rough bridle-path that the wind swept the snow from, and our progress was fairly easy. Here the drifts lay waist high, the horses plunged to the belly-bands, the footmen pushed through in a sweat. It was like some Hyperborean hell, and we the doomed wretches sentenced to our eternity of toil. We had to climb up the shoulder of the hill, now among tremendous rocks, now through water unfrozen, now upon wind-swept ice, but the snow—the snow—the heartless snow was our constant companion. It stood in walls before, it lay in ramparts round us, it wearied the eye to a most numbing pain. Unlucky were they who wore trews, for the same clung damply to knee and haunch and froze, while the stinging sleet might flay the naked limb till the blood rose among the felt of the kilted, but the suppleness of the joints was unmarred.

It was long beyond noon when we reached the head of the pass, and saw before us the dip of the valley of the Spey. We were lost in a wilderness of mountain-peaks; the bens started about us on every hand like the horrors of a nightmare, every ben with its death-sheet, menacing us, poor insects, crawling in our pain across the landscape.

I thought we had earned a halt and a bite of meat by this forenoon of labor; and Montrose himself, who had walked the pass on foot like his fellows, seemed anxious to rest, but Sir Alasdair pushed us on like a fate relentless.

"On, on," he cried, waving his long arms to the prospect before; "here's but the start of our journey; far is the way before; strike fast, strike hot! Would ye eat a meal with appetite while the Diarmaids wait in the way?"

M'Iver, who was plodding beside MacDonald when he said these words,

gave a laugh. "Take your time, Sir Sandy," said he; "you'll need a bowl or two of brose ere you come to grips with MacCallein."

"We'll never come to grips with MacCallein," said MacDonald, taking the badinage in good part, "so long as he has a back-gate to go out at or a barge to sail off in."

"I could correct you on that point in a little affair of arms as between gentlemen—if the time and place were more suitable," said M'Iver, warmly.

"Let your chief defend himself, friend," said MacDonald. "Man, I'll wager we never see the color of his face when it comes to close quarters."

"I wouldn't wonder," I ventured. "He is in no great trim for fighting, for his arm is—"

Sir Alasdair gave a gesture of contempt and cried, "Faugh! we've heard of the raxed arm: he took care when he was making his tale that he never made it a raxed leg."

Montrose edged up at this, with a red face and a somewhat annoyed expression. He put his gloved hand lightly on MacDonald's shoulder and chided him for debate with a prisoner of war.

"Let our friends be, Alasdair," he said, quietly. "They are, in a way, our guests: they would perhaps be more welcome if their tartan was a different hue, but in any case we must not be insulting them. Doubtless they have their own ideas of his lordship of Argile—"

"I never ask to serve a nobler or a more generous chief," said M'Iver, firmly.

"I would expect no other sentiment from a gentleman of Argile's clan. He has ever done honestly enough by his own people. But have we not had enough of this? We are wasting our wind that should be more precious, considering the toils before us."

We found the descent of Corryarick even more ill than its climbing. The wind from the east had driven the snow into the mouth of it like a wedge. The horses, stepping ahead, more than once slipped into drifts that rose to

their necks. Then they became wild with terror, dashed with frantic hooves into deeper trouble, or ran back, quivering in every sinew and snorting with affright till the troopers behove to dismount and lead them. When we in the van reached the foot of the corrie we looked back on a spectacle that fills me with new wonder to this day when I think of it—a stream of black specks in the distance dropping, as it were, down the sheer face of white; nearer, the broken bands of different clansmen winding noiselessly and painfully among the drifts, their kilts plinned between their thighs, their plaids crossed on their chests—all their weapons a weariness to them.

In the afternoon the snow ceased to fall, but the dusk came on early notwithstanding, for the sky was blotted over with driving clouds.

At the head of Glen Roy the MacDonalds, who had lost their bauchles of brogues in the pass, started to a trot, and as the necessity was we had to take up the pace too. Long, lank hounds, they took the road like deer, their limbs purple with the cold, their faces pinched to the aspect of the wolf, their targets and muskets clattering about them. "There are Campbells to slay, and suppers to eat," the major-general had said. It would have given his most spiritless followers the pith to run till morning across a strand of rock and pebble. They know no tiring, they seemingly felt no pain in their torn and bleeding feet, but put mile after mile below them.

But the Campbells were not in Glen Roy. They had been there and skirmished for a day among their old foes, and had gone back to Lochyside, little thinking the fires they left in the Cameron barns at morning would light the enemy on ere night. The roofs still smouldered, and a granary here and there on the sides of the valley sent up its flames—at once a spur to the spirit of the MacDonalds and a light to their vengeance.

We halted for the night in Glen Spean, with Ben Chluraig looming high to the south, and the river gulping in

ice beside our camp. Around was plenty of wood; we built fires and ate as poor a meal as the Highlands ever granted in a bad year, though it was the first break in our fast for the day. Gentle and simple, all fared alike—a whang of barley bannock, a stir-about of oat-and-water, without salt, a quaiich of spirits from some kegs the troopers carried, that ran done before the half of the corps had been served. Sentinels were posted, and we slept till the morning pipe with sweet weariness in our bones.

Our second day was a repetition of the first. We left without even a breakfast whenever the pipers set up the Cameron rant, "Sons of the dogs, oh! Come and get flesh." The Campbells had spoiled the bridge with a charge of powder, so we had to ford the river among the ice-lumps, MacDonald showing the way with his kilt-tail about his waist. A hunter from a hamlet at the glen foot gladly left the smoking ruin of his home and guided us on a drove-road into the wilds of Lochaber, among mountains more stupendous than those we had left behind. These relentless peaks were clad with blinding snow. The same choking drifts that met us in Corryarick filled the passes between Stob Choire and Easan Mor and Stob Ban, that cherish the snow in their crannies in the depths of midsummer. Hunger was eating at our hearts when we got to Glen Nevis; but the glen was empty of people, and the second night fell ere we broke fast.

I have hungered many times on weary marches, but yon was the most cruel hunger of my life. And though the pain of the starving could be dulled a little by draughts of water from the wayside springs, what there was no remede for was the weakness that turned the flesh in every part of me to a nerveless pulp. I went down Nevis Glen a man in a delirium. My head swam with vapors, so that the hillside seemed to dance round and before me. If I had fallen in the snow I should assuredly have lain there and died, and the thought of

how simple and sweet it would be to stretch out my heavy limbs, and sleep the sleep for ever, more than once robbed me of my will. Some of the Stewarts and Camerons, late recruits to the army, and as yet not inured to its toils, fell on the wayside half-way down the glen. MacDonald was for leaving them—"We have no need for weaklings," he said, cruelly, fuming at the delay; but their lairds gave him a sharp answer, and said they would bide bye them till they had recovered. Thus a third of our force fell behind us in the march, and I would have been behind too, but for M'Iver's encouragement. His songs were long done; his stories chilled on his lip. The hunger had him at the heart; but he had a lion's will and a lion's vigor.

"For the love of God!" he said to me, "to not let them think we are so much of the Covenanter that we can not keep up! For a Scots Cavalier you are giving in over early."

"Campaigning with Mackay was never like this," I pled, wearily; "give me the open road and an enemy before me, and I would tramp gayly to the world's end. Here's but a choked ravine the very deer abhor in such weather, and before us but a battle we must not share in."

He said never a word for a few moments, but trudged on. My low-heeled shoon were less fitted for the excursion than his close-thonged brogues that clung to the feet like a dry glove, and I walked lamely. Ever and anon he would look askance at me, and I was annoyed that he should think me a poorer mountaineer than those unwearied knaves who hurried us. I must have shown my feeling in my face, for in a little he let-on to fall lame too, and made the most grievous complaint of ache and weariness. His pretence deceived me only for a little. He was only at his old quirk of keeping me in good repute with myself, but he played the part with skill, letting us both fall behind the general company a little, so that the MacDonalds might not witness the indignity of it.

Glen Nevis, as I saw it that night in

the light of the moon, is what comes to me now in my dreams. I smell the odor of the sweat-drenched, uncleanly cleeding of those savage clans about us; I see the hills lift on either hand with splintered peaks that prick among the stars—gorge and ravine and the wide ascending passes filled ever with the sound of the river, and the coarse, narrow drove-road leads into despair. That night the moon rode at the full about a vacant sky. There was not even a vapor on the hills; the wind had failed in the afternoon.

At the foot of the hill Carn Dearg (or the Red Mount), that is one of three gallant mountains that keep company for Nevis Ben, the biggest of all, the path we followed made a twist to the left into a gully from which a blast of the morning's wind had cleaned out the snow as by a giant's spade.

So much the worse for us, for now the path lay strewn with boulders that the dragoons took long to thread through, and the bare feet of the private soldiers bled redly anew. Some lean, high fir-trees threw this part into a shadow, and so it happened that as I felt my way wearily on, I fell over a stone. The fall lost me the last of my senses: I but heard some of the Stewarts curse me for an encumbrance as they stumbled over me and passed on, heedless of my fate, and saw, as in a dream, one of them, who had abraded his knees by his stumble over my body, turn round with a drawn knife that glinted in a shred of moonlight.

I came to, with M'Iver bent over me, and none of our captors at hand.

"I had rather this than a thousand rix-dollars," said he, as I sat up and leaned on my arm.

"Have they left us?" I asked, with no particular interest in the answer. It could work little difference whatever it might be. "I thought I saw one of them turn on me with a knife."

"You did," said M'Iver. "He broke his part of the parole, and is lying on the other side of you, I think, with a hole in his breast. An ugly and a

treacherous scamp! It's lucky for us that Montrose or MacColkitto never saw the transaction between this clay and John M'Iver, or their clemency had hardly been so great. 'You can bide and see to your friend,' was James Grabame's last words, and that's the reason I'm here."

M'Iver lifted me to my feet, and we stood a little to think what we should do. My own mind had no idea save the one that we were bound to keep in touch with the company whose prisoners we were, but M'Iver hinted at an alternative scarce so honest—namely, a desertion and a detour to the left that would maybe lead us to the Campbell army before active hostilities began.

"You would surely not break parole?" said I, surprised, for he was usually as honorable in such matters as any Highlander I ever met.

"Bah!" he cried, pretending contempt at hesitation, though I could perceive by his voice he was somewhat ashamed of the policy he proposed. "Who quitted the contract first? Was it not that Stewart gentleman on your other side who broke it in a most dastardly way by aiming at your life?"

"I'm thankful for the life you saved, John," said I, "little worth though it seems at this time, but Montrose is not to be held responsible for the sudden impulse of a private. We made our pact as between gentleman and gentleman—let us be going."

"Oh, very well!" said he, shortly. "Let us be going. After all, we are in a trap anyway we look at all; for half the Stewarts and Camerons are behind in the wood there, and our flank retreat among these hills might be a tempting of Providence. But are you thinking of this Athole corp and what his kin will be doing to his slayers?"

"I'll risk it," I said, shortly. "We may be out of their hands one way or the other before they miss him."

On a sudden there rose away before us towards the mouth of the glen the sound of a bagpipe. It came on the tranquil air with no break in its up-

roar, and after a preparatory tuning it broke into a tune called "*Cogadh no Sith*"—an ancient braggart pibroch made by one Macruimen of the Isle of Skye—a tune that was commonly used by the Campbells as a night-retreat or tattoo.

My heart filled with the strain. It gave me not only the simple illusion that I saw again the regimentals of my native country—many a friend and comrade among them in the shelter of the Castle of Inverlochy—but it roused in me a spirit very antique, very religious and moving too, as the music of his own land must be for every honest Gael.

"*Cruachan gu bragh!*" I said lightly to M'Iver, though my heart was full.

He was as much touched by that homely lilt as myself. "The old days, the old styles!" said he. "God! how that pibroch stings me to the core!" And as the tune came more clearly in the second part, or *Crunluadh*, as we call it, and the player maybe came round a bend of the road, my comrade stepped in his pace and added with what in another I might have thought a sob—"I've trudged the world; I have learned many bravadoes, so that my heart never stirred much to the meré trick of an instrument but one, and the *piob mhor* conquers me. What is it, Colln, that's in us, rich and poor, yon rude cane-reeds speak so human and friendly to?"

"'Tis the Gaelic," I said, cheered myself by the air. "Never a roar of the drone or a sob of the chanter but's in the Gaelic tongue."

"Maybe," said he, "maybe: I've heard the scholars like yourself say the sheepskin and the drones were Roman—that or Spanish, it's all one to me. I heard them at Boltzenburg when we gave the butt of the gun to Tilly's *soldados*—they played us into Holstein; and when the ditch of Stralsung was choked with the tartan of Mackay, and when our lads were falling like corn before the hook, a Reay piper stood valiantly in front and played a salute. Then and now it's the pipes, my darling!"

"I would as lief have them in a gayer strain. My fondest memories are of reels I've danced to their playing," I said, and by now we were walking down the glen.

"And of one reel you danced," said he, quizzingly, "not more than two months gone in a town that was called Inneraora?"

"Two months!" I cried—"two months! I could have sworn off-hand we have been wandering in Lorn and Badenoch for as many years!"

Such spirit did my native pipes, played by a clansman, put in me that my weariness much abated, and we made great progress down the glen, so that before the tune had ceased we were on the back of Montrose's men as they crept on quietly in the night.

The piper stopped suddenly enough when some shots rang out—an exchange of compliments between our pickets ahead and some wandering scouts of Argyle.

And yonder below us, Loch Linnhe and Lochiel glanced in the moonlight, and the strong towers of Inverlochy sat like a scowl on the fringe of the wave!

CHAPTER XX.

INVERLOCHY.

When we came up with the main body of MacDonald's army, the country, as I say, was shining in the light of the moon, with only a camp-fire down in the field beside the castle to show in all the white world a sign of human life. We had got the Campbells in the rear, barring any passage to Badenoch or Lochaber; but they never knew it. I few of their scouts came out across the fields and challenged our pickets; there was some exchange of musketry, but, as we found again, we were thought to be some of the Lochaber hunters unworthy of serious engagement.

For the second time in so many days we tasted food, a handful of meal to the quail of water—no more and no less; and James Grabame, Marquis of Montrose, supped his brose like the

rest of us, with the knife from his belt doing the office of a horn-spoon.

Some hours after us came up the Camerons, who had fallen behind, but fresher and more eager for fighting than our own company, for they had fallen on a herd of roe on the slope of Sgur an Iolair, and had supped savagely on the warm, raw flesh.

"You might have brought us a gigot off your take," Sir Alasdair said to the leader of them, Dol Ruadh. He was a short-tempered man of no great manners, and he only grunted his response.

"They might well call you Camerons of the soft mouth," said Alasdair, angrily, "that would treat your comrades so."

"You left us to carry our own men," said the chief, shortly; "we left you to find your own deer."

We were perhaps the only ones who slept at the mouth of Glen Nevis that woeful night, and we slept because, as my comrade said, "What cannot be mended may be well slept on; it's an ease to the heart." And the counsel was so wise, and our weariness so acute, that we lay on the bare ground till we were roused to the call of a trumpet.

It was St. Bridget's Day, and Sunday morning. A myriad bens around gave mists, as smoke from a censer, to the day. The Athole pipers high-breastedly strutted with a vain port up and down their lines and played incessantly. Alasdair laid out the clans with amazing skill, as M'Iver and I were bound to confess to ourselves—the horse (with Montrose himself on his charger) in the centre, the men of Clanranald, Keppoch, Lochiel, Gengarry and Maclean, and the Stewarts of Appin behind. MacDonald and O'Kyan led the Irish on the wings.

In the plain we could see Argyle's forces in a somewhat similar order, with the tartan as it should be in the midst of the bataille and the Lowland levies on the flanks. Over the centre waved the black barge of Lorn on a gold standard.

I expressed some doubt about the steadfastness of the Lowlanders, and

M'Iver was in sad agreement with me.

"I said it in Glennaora when we left," said he, "and I say it again. They would be fairly good stuff against foreign troops; but they have no suspicion of the character of Gaelic war. I'm sore feared they'll prove a poor reed to lean on. Why, in heaven's name, does MacCaillein take the risk of a battle in such an awkward corner? An old stager like Auchinbreac should advise him to follow the Kilcumlin road and join forces with Seaforth, who must be far down Glen Albyn by now."

As we were standing apart thus, up to us came Ian Lom, shaking the brogue-money he got from Grahame in his dirty loof. He was very bitter.

"I never earned an honest penny," he said, looking up almost insolently in our faces, so that it was a temptation to give him a clout on the cunning jowl.

"So Judas thought too, I daresay, when he fingered his filthy shekels," said I. "I thought no man from Kepoch would be skulking aside here when his pipers blew the onset."

"Och!" said M'Iver, "what need ye be talking? *Bardachd* and bravery don't very often go together."

Ian Lom scowled blackly at the taunt, but was equal to answer it.

"If the need arise," said he, "you'll see whether the bard is brave or not. There are plenty to fight; there's but one to make the song of the fight, and that's John MacDonald, with your honors' leave."

We would, like enough, have been pestered with the scamp's presence and garrulity a good deal longer; but Montrose came up at that moment and took us aside with a friendly enough beckon of his head.

"Gentlemen," he said in English, "as cavaliers you can guess fairly well already the issue of what's to happen below there, and as cavaliers who, clansmen or no clansmen of the Campbell chief, have done well for old Scotland's name abroad, I think you deserve a little more consideration at our hands at this juncture than common

prisoners of war can lay claim to. If you care you can quit here as soon as the onset begins, abiding of course by your compact to use no arms against my friends. You have no objection?" he added, turning about on his horse and crying to Alasdair.

The major-general came up and looked at us. "I suppose they may go," said he—"though, to tell my mind on the matter, I could devise a simpler way of getting rid of them. We have other methods in Erin O, but as your lordship has taken the fancy, they may go, I daresay. Only they must not join their clan or take arms with them until this battle is over. They must be on the Ballachulish road before we call the onset."

Montrose flushed at the ill-breeding of his officer, and waved us away to the left on the road that led to Argile by Loch Linnhe side, and took us clear of the coming encounter.

We were neither of us slow to take advantage of the opportunity, but set off at a sharp walk at the moment that O'Kyan on the right flank was slowly moving in the direction of Argile's line.

John broke his sharp walk so quickly into a canter that I wondered what he meant. I ran close at his heels, but I forbore to ask, and we had put a good lump of moorland between us and the MacDonalds before he explained.

"You perhaps wondered what my hurry was," he said, with the sweat standing in beads on his face, though the air was full of frost. "It wasn't for exercise, as you might guess at any rate. The fact is, we were within five minutes of getting a wheen Stewart dirks in our doubtlets, and if there was no brulzie on foot we were even yet as good as lost on Brae Lochaber."

"How does that happen?" I asked. "They seemed to let us away generously enough and with no great ill-will."

"Just so! But when Montrose gave us the *congé*, I happened to turn an eye up Glen Nevis and I saw some tardy Stewarts (by their tartan) come running down the road. These were the

lads Dol Ruadh left behind last night, and they could scarcely miss in daylight the corpse we left by the road, and their clansmen missed in the mirk. That was my notion at the first glance I got of them, and when we ran they ran too, and what do you make of that?"

"What we should make of it," I said in alarm, "is as good a pace into Lorn as we can: they may be on the heels of us now"—for we were in a little dip of the ground where the force we had just parted so gladly with were not to be seen from.

On that point M'Iver speedily assured me.

"No, no!" he said. "If Seumas Graham himself were stretched out yonder instead of a Glenart Cearnach of no great importance to any one, Alasdair MacDonald would be scarcely zealous fool enough to spoil his battle order to prosecute a private feud. Look at that," he proceeded, turning round on a little knowe he ran lightly up on and I after him—"Look at that! the battle's begun."

We stood on that knowe of Brae Lochaber, and I saw from thence a spectacle whose like, by the grace of God, I have never seen before nor since in its agony for any eye that was friendly to Diarmaid Clan. I need not here set down the sorry end of that day at Inverlochy. It has been written many times, though I harbor no book on my shelves that tells the story. We saw MacDonald's charge; we saw the wings of Argile's army—the rotten Lowland levies—break off and skurry along the shore; we saw the lads of the Diarmaid tartan hewn down on the edge of the tide till its waves ran red; but we were as helpless as the rush that waved at our feet. Between us and our friends lay the enemy and our parole—I daresay our parole was forgotten in that terrible hour.

John M'Iver laid him down on the *tul-loch* and clawed with his nails the stunted grass that in wind-blown patches came through the snow. None of my words made any difference on his anguish. I

was piping to the surrender of sorrow, nigh mad myself.

The horses of Ogilvie—who himself fell in the brulzie—chased the Lowlanders along the side of Loch Linnhe, and so few of the flying had the tartan that we had no great interest in them, till we saw six men with their plaiding cast run unobserved up the plain, wade waist-deep through the Nevis, and come somewhat in our direction. We went down to join them, and ran hard and fast and came on them at a place called the Rhu, at the water of Crachulish.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

From The Fortnightly Review.
WAGNER'S "RING" AND ITS PHILOSOPHY.

I.

There is every indication that this country will soon have its Wagner fever, just as Germany and France have had theirs. Some thirty years ago, indeed, English critics took their part in the great controversy then raging round Wagner and his theories; but the man's work as a whole, both in music and in prose, was far too little known here for the discussion of it to rise to the rank of a real literary phenomenon. He had then, as now, his frenzied worshippers and his equally frenzied detractors; but the public as a whole—even the opera-going public—knew too little of him to be able to discuss him as he was discussed in Germany. Now the conditions are becoming more favorable to general criticism. The London public, at any rate, has fairly frequent opportunities of hearing the great bulk of his work upon the stage; while in the provinces, "Rienzi," "The Flying Dutchman," "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "the Meistersingers" and "The Valkyrie" have all been given in a more or less distressing way, and been received with an amount of enthusiasm worthy of much better performances. On the concert platform, again, both

in London and the provinces, all the usual orchestral and vocal transcriptions have been rendered time without number; and, finally, the publication in English of the four volumes of his letters—to Liszt, to Uhlig and the other Dresden friends, and to Roeckel—and of Mr. Ashton Ellis's extremely careful and conscientious translation of the prose works, places not only the musical but the literary public in a position to know more than it ever knew of the extraordinary man whose name and work have loomed so large in Europe for the past fifty years. From all these concurrent circumstances there can come but one result—England is on the verge of a serious Wagner fever.

It is the peculiar misfortune of an operatic composer, however, that his work, depending as it does mainly upon expensive and therefore somewhat rare performances, cannot reach the general public so soon as work in poetry, in fiction, in general literature, or even in painting, can do. The result is that the bulk of the discussion of the Wagner question is carried on by a few enthusiasts on both sides, whose knowledge of the musician's works and his theories is so far beyond that of the average reading man as to make a good three-fourths of the controversy unintelligible to him. The inevitable outcome of it is that the discussion too often borders on the ludicrous. More especially does the fanatic admirer of Wagner, whose capacity for feeling musical delight is—to put it mildly—considerably in excess of his capacity to think, get the opportunity of scribbling unlimited absurdity that would, in the case of a similar phenomenon in literature, be killed by laughter almost at the outset. The environment of the musical writer is at present so uncritical that no such play of natural selection goes on as can be seen to eliminate the weaker products in other spheres of thought. The enthusiast and the rhapsodist we have with us always; but when his dithyrambs come within the scope of all men's criticism, the wild absurdity

of them is the first thing that malicious humor will point out. When, however, the bulk of the public knows practically nothing at first hand of the subject of the rhapsody, the unfortunate rhapsodist is denied the wholesome corrective of ironic laughter; and thus does he flourish apace in musical literature. No subject could be found so inviting to the satirist as the literature of the thorough-going Wagner panegyrists. A careful reading of these gentlemen upon the subject, say, of "The Ring of the Nibelung," and a comparison of one with another, is productive of more hilarity than can be had from any similar phenomenon in literature; but the humor of a revelation of this kind would be thrown away upon the British public as yet, for lack of the necessary knowledge not only of the scores of Wagner's tetralogy, but of the passages in his prose works and his letters that throw light upon the philosophy of "The Ring." If, then, the Wagner controversy in England has not yet reached the stage of wholesome laughter at the absurdities of some of his adorers, there seems to be all the more need of an explanation, not of the music of "The Ring of the Nibelung," but of the philosophical problem which Wagner thought he was expounding in that work.

And here, as in many other instances, the best way to study Wagner's theories is in connection with the circumstances of his own life. It was characteristic of him throughout that he should try to elevate his own idiosyncrasies into forms of thought and action for the rest of the world. It was so with his ideas on the respective spheres of the arts; for the careful reader can detect in his prose works, along with those remarkable notions as to the functions of poetry, music and the other arts, the cerebral abnormality that gave birth to these notions. Nothing was more characteristic of Wagner than his passion for holding up his own peculiar and *à priori* ideas as laws of life for others, in the most perfect unconsciousness that his ideas

were born of an organism not only abnormal in many ways, but radically incapable of plain objective thinking. From first to last he presents a pathetic picture of the hopeless idealist in conflict with external forces too vast and too complex for him to understand. His writings on social subjects—particularly his early ones—are *à priori* to the verge of absurdity; scarcely another man could have been found in Europe to advocate so earnestly, with such sincere conviction, a return to the social and artistic ideals of the Greeks. That vain dream, held to by Wagner with extraordinary tenacity, is typical of the unreal, fantastic cloud-land in which the great musician lived. He himself—the sincerest and most unselfish artist of his day—wanted only, as he used to tell Liszt and his other correspondents, a competency sufficient to free him from the ignobler cares of existence, and to enable him to compose for the benefit of his race and its culture; and upon this personal desire, and upon the fact of the dramatic representations of the Athenians being, in a sense, the work of the community, he built the strange philosophy of life and art that appears in "Art and Revolution" and "The Art-Work of the Future," and that has gone so far to reveal the incompetence of his mind to deal with questions of the positive and the actual. There can be no dispute as to the dependence of this social creed upon his own congenital ideas and his pecuniary circumstances; one has only to compare his letters of the period immediately following his flight from Dresden with the above-named treatises to realize this. One brings, of course, no charge against him of casulstry or deliberate self-seeking; the very *naïveté*, both of the theories themselves and of their correspondence with his own personal needs, is conclusive as to Wagner's sincerity in the matter. He was simply a brain of enormous musical power, filled with peculiar notions as to the importance of the musical drama in the development of culture, and with too little objective outlook upon

the world and too little capacity for impersonal reason to allow of his seeing the utter unreality and *apriorism* of his theories for all other men. In later life he partly came to recognize some of his deficiencies in this respect, admitting to Roeckel, for example, that though he read and wrote so much of philosophy, he had little head for philosophic thinking; and on one notable occasion—when he had given birth to a more than usually preposterous theory as to our duties in relation to vegetarianism—he admitted that his suggestions belonged to the sphere of "phantasms." But taking his prose works and his letters on their face-value, the most cursory reading suffices to show how abnormal he was in many respects, how he dwelt with exaggerated emphasis upon theories and suggestions that appear to us hopelessly *à priori*, how he argued in the most sincere unconsciously from the desires and needs of Richard Wagner to the supposed desires and needs of civilized mankind.

All this is of the utmost importance, not only in the diagnosis of his character, but in the attempt to comprehend his musical works. One has only to become acquainted with his correspondence during the twenty-three years he spent upon "The Ring," to realize that he meant that work to be something more than a mere opera, a mere story of gods and men, of love and hate, and life and death; that he intended it as a serious contribution to the philosophy of the universe. Hence the need of studying "The Ring" in connection with some of the theories expressed in his prose works and elsewhere. We do not, of course, necessarily invalidate, *à priori*, the philosophy of the drama by showing its dependence upon Wagner's innate ideas and his outward circumstances; but we undoubtedly obtain a better standpoint from which to view the scheme of philosophy put forward, and to judge its objective value among the theories of mankind.

The biographies of Wagner contain so many accounts of "The Ring of the

Nibelung" that it is unnecessary to tell the story once more here. It is perhaps sufficient to remind readers and opera-goers of the main features of the drama: the attainment of the gold by Alberich by the denial of love; the curse that follows it and devolves upon each successive possessor of the ring; the contest, in the person of Wotan, between authority and moral right; the need for renunciation on his part; the means by which he effects this renunciation; the advent of Siegfried as the liberator, and of Brynhild as the incarnation of love the conqueror; the murder of Siegfried, the voluntary death of Brynhild, the restoration of the ring to the Rhine-maidens, and the dissolution of the gods. The "problem" of the drama, as it has been stated by a recent writer, is the revolt of the "natural individual" against constituted authority as embodied in conventions and formulas. The "Ring"

and all Wagner's sayings and writings of this period maintain enthusiastically the inherent goodness of nature and man, and the glory of physical vitality. Law, imposed by the few on the many, first made sin possible. Man, to work his way out of the possibility of sinning, had to cast off the restraints of the law. The "Ring" is thus solely occupied with a conflict between the assumed right of traditional authority and the natural instinct in man to satisfy his desires.¹

One need not follow Mr. Irvine and his fellow-commentators into those jungle-depths of interpretation, where every character in the drama becomes a personified abstraction of some social or political or moral tendency.² One

¹ See Mr. David Irvine's "Wagner's Ring of the Nibelung and the Conditions of Ideal Manhood," Chap. I.

² Mr. Irvine tells us, for example, that Mime is "that spirit which superficially appears as the educator of mankind, and when intelligence begins to perceive that nature is its true educator and the other a mere charlatan, with which it has nothing in common, then craft and subterfuge are called into requisition in order to turn this step, leading to a truer knowledge of things, into the further service of self-interest. Mime is thus the craft which finds its best soil in the

has no desire to multiply Gervinus-literature in England on musical subjects; that way Wagner-madness lies. But without out-Heroding Herod in the fashion of the modern Wagnerian "interpreter," without reading into the "Ring" more pseudo-philosophy than it has the misfortune to contain already, one can see clearly enough that in that drama Wagner was preaching a social evangel which, with characteristic seriousness, he held to be of prime importance to mankind.

Now, one has only to go back to his prose works and his correspondence to see the theories of the "Ring" in all their naïveté, free from the glamour in which they are enveloped, in the tetralogy itself, by the wonderful art of the musician. Hearing or studying the music, one almost feels inclined to subscribe to the theorems of Wagner, just as "Tristan" tempts to Nirvana and "Parsifal" to asceticism; one gets a clearer notion of the ideas and their objective value by contemplating them in their plain, prose expression. And looking at the matter in this way, one sees at once that Wagner was a man of high spirit and generous sympathies, acutely sensitive both to his own miseries and those of others, but quite incapable of thinking any social problem out, or of doing anything more than offer the most *à priori* solutions of it. Thus in 1849, just after his flight from Dresden, when he was confronted with the problem of compromise between artistic desires and plans and the earning of one's daily bread, he wrote to his correspondents in terms that show clearly the personal character of the philosophy and the portraiture of the "Ring." In his correspondence with Uhlig, for example, he not only foreshadowed the theories of his "Art and Revolution" and "The Art-Work of the Future," but unconsciously sketched out, as it were, the problem of the "Ring" and some of the characters. Just as we can recognize much of Wagner himself in Church, impressing everyone in early youth, before judgment is ripe, with the belief that it is a spiritual father and mother."—*Ibid.*, pp. 66, 67.

Walther of "The Meistersingers," so one can see that Siegfried in the tetralogy is just a peg whereon to hang certain of the musician's theories as to the wholesome vitality of the "free individual."

You see, dear friend [he wrote to Uhlig], it is such trifles as conventional fame-seeking and anxiety for daily bread which threaten to exert—and in a decisive manner—their august modern sovereignty over the true, free sphere of man's art. But can there be a choice here? Certainly not; not even if persons like you begin to be prudent and practical. I will be happy, and a man can only be that if he is free; but that man only is free who is what he can and, therefore, must be. Whoever, therefore, satisfies the inner necessity of his being is free; because he feels himself alone with himself; because everything which he does answers to his nature, to his true needs. Whoever follows a necessity, not from within, but from without, is subject to compulsion; he is not free, but an unfortunate slave. The free man laughs at oppression from without if only inner necessity be not sacrificed to it; it can cause only fly-stings, not heart-wounds.

That is a kind of philosophizing that has gone sadly out of fashion, the day being past when vaporizing about the free individual, and inner necessity, and man being that which he is by virtue of his inner essence, and the rest of the windy jargon of the dreamer, can do much more than make us yawn. The passage is only of interest for the light it throws upon the philosophical scheme of the "Ring." At the end of "A Communication to my Friends" (1851), when Wagner was relating the steps of his musical and intellectual development, he told how, in the drama as he had then worked it out, he had found expression for his inmost philosophy of life.

With the conception of Siegfried [he wrote] I had pressed forward to where I saw before me the human being in the most natural and blithest fulness of his physical life. No historic garment more confined his limbs; no outwardly-imposed relation hemmed his movements, which,

springing from the inner fount of Joy-in-life, so bore themselves in face of all encounter that error and bewilderment, though nurtured on the wildest play of passions, might heap themselves around until they threatened to destroy him, without the hero checking for a moment, even in the face of death, the welling outflow of that inner fount; or ever holding anything the rightful master of himself and his own movements, but alone the natural outstreaming of his restless fount of life. It was Elsa who had taught me to unearth this man; to me he was the male embodied spirit of perennial and sole creative instinct (*Unverwundlichkeit*), of the doer of true deeds of *Manhood* in the utmost fulness of its inborn strength and proved loveworthiness. Here, in the promptings of this man, love's brooding wish had no more place; but bodily lived it there, swelled every vein and stirred each muscle of the gladsome being, to all-enthralling practice of its essence.¹

This was the type of man Wagner had held up for admiration in his writings and in his letters; it was the type to which he himself wished to conform. He was oppressed with a sense of the hardness of the world and the restraint our modern society, based on commerce and industrialism, imposes upon the artist; and he longed vaguely and nebulously for a condition of things more favorable to art. Thousands before and after him have felt the same weariness and cherished the same desires; but him they impelled to random philosophizing, to weaving cloudy schemes of social and political and artistic improvement. There is from first to last in his works—outside the department of music—hardly one suggestion as to art and life that is worth attention—or at least any more attention than one usually renders to the earnest and sincere but unpractical prophet. It is a somewhat saddening spectacle, this of the artist quivering under the blows of the huge, unfriendly world; feeling dimly that in the evolution of mankind, he, whose business is with heart and soul alone, has become inextricably entangled with

¹ Mr. Ashton Ellis's translation of the "Prose Works," I., p. 375.

the limbs and the viscera of the race; but able to offer towards the diminishing of the grievous burden nothing more than petulant outcries, and sad looks upon the past and vain hopes that the wheels of evolution will stand still, that the world may be reconstructed according to the plans of the idealist. He lived, we must always remember, in a time of social and political ferment, and in a country where the tendency has always been to philosophize *in abstracto*. Everything—his own nature, his training, his associates, his enemies—combined to make him a mere declaimer upon themes that require anything but declamation to elucidate them. He always states just that half of any problem which serves the ends of his own artistic theories; anything like a sanely comprehensive view of the intermixture of good and evil in the world is impossible to him. "Our God is Gold," he cried; "our Religion the Pursuit of Wealth." "Our Modern Art is a mere product of Culture, and has not sprung from Life itself; therefore, being nothing but a hot-house plant, it cannot strike in the natural soil, or flourish in the natural climate of the present." There is no meaning in talk of this kind; it is windy rhetoric, pure and simple—the mere sad declamation of a frustrated artist, in a world of dark complexities whose meaning and whose interconnection he cannot fathom.

The mood in which Wagner thought out the philosophy of the "Ring," then, was one of emotional revolt against the resistance of modern life to the impulses of the artist—a revolt determined in its forms and theories by the musician's idealism and lack of objective vision and of impartial reason. The part played by the "Ring" itself in the tetralogy can be clearly seen to be an expression of Wagner's own passion for attributing most of the evils under which art now suffers to its dependence upon gold and commerce. "This is art as it now fills the entire civilized world!" he cried in "Art and Revolution." "Its true essence is industry; its ethical aim the gaining of

gold; its esthetic purpose, the entertainment of those whose time hangs heavily on their hands." In the famous "Vaterlandsverein" speech of 1848, misinspired, no doubt, by some of the economists of the time, whom he had read and only half understood, he fulminated against the evil wrought among men by gold.

When all the classes hitherto at enmity, and parcelled off by envy, have been united in the one great class of the free folk, embracing all that on the dear German soil has received its human breath from God—think ye we then shall have reached our goal? No; then shall we first begin in earnest! For then must be taken firmly and deedfully in eye *the question of the root of all the misery in our present social state*—then must be decided whether Man, that crown of the creation, whether his lofty spiritual, his artistically stirring bodily powers and forces, were meant by God to serve in menial bondage to the stubbornest, the most lifeless product in all nature, to sallow *metal*.¹

And finally, among his theories of this period was that of the necessity of the downfall of the State. In "Opera and Drama," after a long "interpretation" of the "Edipus" of Sophocles, in which the action of Antigone is taken to mean "the annulling of the State by her love-curse," he proceeds in a passage that shows how prone he was to read extraneous meanings into artistic products, and at the same time throws light upon the kind of subtle theorems he tried to incorporate in his own dramatic works.

To-day [he writes] we only need to faithfully expound the myth of *Edipus* according to its inmost essence, and we in it win an intelligible picture of the whole history of mankind, from the beginnings of Society to the inevitable downfall of the State. The necessity of this downfall was foreboded in the *Mythos*. It is the part of actual history to accomplish it. . . . With this concrete State—whose substance *Louis XIV.* correctly designated as *himself*—we need not further occupy ourselves; its kernel, also, is bared us in the *Edipus* sage; as the seed of all

¹ See the "Prose Works," IV., p. 138 (Mr. Ellis's translation).

offences we recognize the rulership of Laïus, since, for sake of its undiminished possession, he became an unnatural father. From this possession, grown into an *ownership*, which wondrously enough is looked on as the base of all good order, there issue all the crimes of myth and history. Let us keep our eye upon the abstract State alone. The thinkers of this State desired to plane down and equalize the imperfections of actual Society, according to a thought-out "norm;" yet that they retained these very imperfections as a given thing—as the only thing to fit the "sinfulness" of human nature, and never went back to the real man himself, who from his at first instinctive, but at last erroneous, views had called those inequalities into being, exactly as through experience and the consequent correction of his errors he must also bring about, quite of itself, the perfect Society, i.e., one answering to the real needs of men—this was the grand error through which the Political State evolved itself to the unnatural height whence it fain would guide our human nature far below; that nature which it did not understand at all, and understood the less the more it fain would guide it. The Political State lives solely on the *vices of Society*, whose *virtues* are derived solely from the human *individuality*. Faced with the vices of Society, which alone it can espy, the State cannot perceive the virtues which Society acquires from that individuality. . . . The essence of the Political State is *caprice*, whereas the essence of the free individuality is necessity. From out this individuality which we have recognized as in the right in its thousand-years' battle with the Political State—from this to *organize Society* is the conscious task imposed upon us for the future. But to bring the *unconscious part* of human nature to *consciousness within Society*, and in this consciousness to know nothing other than the *necessity common to every member of Society*, namely of the *individual's own free self-determining*—this is as good as to say, *annul the State*; for through Society has the State marched on to a denial of the free self-determining of the individual—upon the death of *that* has it lived.¹

It was in this misty way that Wagner dealt with the problems of the

philosophy of history, launching forth a number of pseudo-propositions that explain simply nothing. It is a typically Teutonic manner, requiring for its most perfect exhibition nothing more than a half-comprehension of any question under the sun. It is somewhat strange that Wagner's panegyrists should have followed his lead so blindly in discussions of this kind, and have sung peans in his praise as a great and original thinker. Nothing could more clearly prove Wagner's incompetence to handle a philosophical question than this *banal* rhetoric about the "annulling of the State," "the free, self-determining individual," and the rest of it. There is, of course, the perennial problem of the respective spheres of activity of the individual and the State, how far the State is morally justified in restraining the impulses and desires of the individual, and how far these impulses and desires are morally right as against those conventions of the State which alone make individual existence possible—these are problems that do indeed press for solution. But no one with a grain of philosophical ability will set about the business in the manner of Wagner, retailing foolish platitudes instead of arguing, and maundering for pages together about those precious entities "the State," "Society," and "the individual." There is no special merit in multiplying darkness in this way in quarters where there is already too little light; and it is a hopeless absurdity for a musician, with no ratiocinative ability to begin with, no habits of cool, persistent, objective thought, and no training in the special subjects he is so fain to meddle with, to inflict his frothy rhetoric upon an unoffending world. One blames him and his thorough-going worshippers only in so far as they attempt to handle subjects with which they are quite incompetent to deal; and one's objection to their voluminous writings is not that they expound wrong or doubtful theories, but that their pseudo-demonstrations are mere shoddy, having as little relation to the subjects they are actually

¹ "Prose Works," II., pp. 191-194.

concerned with as a seventeenth-century divine's commentary on Genesis has with modern Darwinism. With the best will in the world, indeed, and with all one's admiration for Wagner's stupendous musical genius, it is sometimes hard to feel well-disposed towards him when reading his prose works. To say that the root of all our social misery is money, and that in "property" originate "all the crimes in myth and in history," is to place one's self almost outside the pale of serious discussion. Mr. Houston Stewart Chamberlain has recently told us that "with Wagner the faculty of negation went hand-in-hand with a rare faculty of affirmation." It did indeed. The trouble is that mere "affirmation" is not what we want from a musician who insists on importing his imagination into questions of philosophy and sociology and economics.

II.

It will be admitted, I think, on the basis of the above citations from the prose works and the letters, that in the "Ring" Wagner was simply preaching a scheme of philosophy purely personal to himself. All artists, of course, tend to express in their works their own congenital or acquired leanings towards this or that view of life. The difference between these and Wagner is, however, enormous. One does not urge it against any artist that he sings his own moods and desires, so long as these are capable of being bent towards and comprehended in an artistic effect. We read certain things of Baudelaire, for example, not because we admire the inverted eroticism of his temperament, but because he manages to make his faults of mood and impulse lyrical, emotional, artistic, beautiful, in their form of representation. With Wagner the case is precisely the opposite. A novel that is a tract is bad enough; a poem that is a tract is infinitely worse; but what shall be said of a musical drama that is a tract? The thoroughgoing Wagner-worshipper may object to the term as being irreverent, and

missing its mark by over-statement; he would prefer to speak of the "philosophy" of the "Ring." "Philosophy," however, is a somewhat more dignified word than suits the occasion. Most art-works that set out to "prove" something are flawed at the commencement; if you take them as works of art, ignoring the argumentation, the latter seems somewhat superfluous; while if you ask yourself whether the premises of the work really lead to the conclusion the author has aimed at, you are as likely to disagree as to agree with him. As Flaubert said, the objection to writing a novel to prove something is that anyone can sit down and write a novel to prove just the opposite; you have only to select and ignore the material at your discretion. But when the "philosophy" of the work is forced down your throat, and you are compelled to make some effort to digest it, and you find yourself disagreeing with it for reasons that are patent to any one who will think, you are not inclined to be very "reverent" to the philosopher or to his admirers.

Now the scheme of the "Ring," in so far as it leaves the broad currents of human passion, and affects to preach a social or philosophical evangel, is essentially a childish one. Wagner has shown considerable art in the way he has welded the various sagas together in his poem; it was not an easy task, and he has performed it for the most part with signal success. The music, again, in its best moments is unapproachable, and even in its lapses from that high standard is worthy of the admiration due to a triumph almost achieved. But Wagner would have been offended at the suggestion that the "Ring" was to be looked upon merely as a good dramatic poem, set to immortal music. If there was one point upon which he was more positive than any other, it was the stupidity of regarding his works as mere operas—a mere combination of music and poetry. They were *Dramas*; and not merely dramas in the ordinary sense of the word, but lights upon man and the universe, elucidations of prob-

lems of life and art and conduct. He was a born preacher; and if you did not care to pay attention to his sermon, he did not wish you to listen to his words as you would simply to an oratorical performance. All his life he fought the German theatres, the German performers and the German public upon this point, insisting that he who only heard beautiful singing and expressive orchestration at a performance of one of his operas had not even made an approach to understanding it. I have often wondered how much the public or the performers would have understood of his operas, in the sense he intended them to be understood, had he not given the key to his intentions in his prose works. Let any one, as an experiment, who is well acquainted with "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin," sit down and write out his ideas as to the psychology of the characters in these two operas, and then compare his reading of them with the analyses Wagner has given in "The Performing of Tannhäuser" and "A Communication to my Friends," and he will, I venture to think, agree with me, that nine-tenths of the treatises upon the philosophy of Wagner's dramas are based not upon the dramas themselves, but upon the prose works and the letters. Wagner's own delusion upon the point was really something abnormal; but one can pardon in him what one cannot pardon in his worshippers, for in him it was part of the very structure that made him so wonderful a musician. He saw things in music that no one else can see there; it aroused in him suggestions of concrete things; it spoke to him of definite thought and action where to us it is only beautiful and vague emotion. Hence the folly of his worshippers, who are by no means built upon his cerebral pattern, in attempting to make his philosophy of music theirs. This aspect of mind may be illustrated from his attitude towards "Tannhäuser." For the benefit of all concerned with the performance of that work, he wrote a small treatise, giving the most valuable hints to all who took

part in his performance, as well as an analysis of the character of "Tannhäuser" as he perceived it. Now it is quite safe to say, as a piece of esthetic psychology, that no living man or woman can have the slightest notion of the philosophy of the opera *except from the words of the poem*. The music may enforce the emotions aroused by the words, and the leading motives may throw side-lights upon the utterances of the characters; but to no one whatever can the music give an insight into the psychology of the character further than that given by the poem. No one, I think, not under the sway of Wagner's theories, and not merely echoing, parrot-like, Wagner's ideas as to the psychological power of music—ideas, be it remembered, that were perfectly natural to his abnormal brain—can dispute the truth of this. Now Wagner held that a piece of psychological portraiture that was impossible to the mere actor, dependent as he is upon mere words, was rendered possible to the singer by the expressive power of music.

I declare [he writes] that not even the most eminent actor, of our own or bygone times, could solve the task of a perfect portrayal of Tannhäuser's character on the lines laid down in the above analysis; and I meet the question: "How could I hold it possible for an opera-singer to fulfil it?" by the simple answer that to *music* alone could the draft of such a task be offered, and only a dramatic *singer*, just through the aid of music, can be in the position to fulfil it. Where a player would seek in vain, among the means of recitation, for the expression wherewithal to give this character success, to the singer that expression in self-offered in the music.¹

And that this passage bears out the interpretation I have put upon it—that it correlates with a hundred other passages of unconscious self-revelation—may be seen from the fact that Wagner regarded the *music* of the "Ring" as affording the true key to the comprehension of its philosophy.

¹ "Prose Works," iil., pp. 201, 202.

I now realize myself [he wrote to Roeckel] how much of the whole spirit and meaning of my poem is only made clear by the music; I cannot now, for my life, even look at the words without the musical accompaniment.

This does not mean merely that by the system of leading motives a light that would otherwise be lacking is thrown upon certain scenes and incidents. One has only to understand the peculiar psychology of Wagner, and the exaggerated stress he laid upon the power of music in the drama, to see that to his mind the philosophy of the "Ring" was not only revealed by the music, but made clearer, more convincing, more universal than could possibly have been done by words.

Upon this point Wagner certainly deceived himself. At the risk of repetition, let me say once more that, from beginning to end of his career, he laid down for universal acceptance ideas and theories that were purely personal to himself, and that he was unable to conceive how the whole world, when it came to its senses, could think differently from him. He avowed to Uhlig his belief that the poem of the "Ring" was "the greatest ever written;" and to Roeckel he wrote that he was certain the hearer would see the philosophy of the drama as the composer had conceived it. His faith in his own philosophical ideas, his belief in their importance for the regeneration of the universe, would be grotesque if it were not so pathetic. His purely musical gift, which has never been equalled among men, he seemed to lay comparatively little stress upon; while he constantly troubled himself, his correspondents, his readers and his hearers with speculations in philosophy and other subjects for which he had only the most mediocre capacity. One sometimes rises with a feeling of sadness from the study of the "Ring" and Wagner's writings connected with it—a feeling of pity that this man should have spent precious year after year of his life gnawing at his own heart to no purpose, embittering his days and nights with long meditation on ques-

tions that any clear-headed schoolboy could quickly have settled for him. For it must be reiterated that Wagner had no more capacity for philosophical speculation than the average curate. He hung upon the fringe of every great question, half understanding it and half perverting it, falling a victim to the most elementary of verbal fallacies, twisting everything into a kind of harmony with his own preconceived notions, but reaching no conclusion by dint of solid thinking, and in the long run adding nothing to the sum of human knowledge. He fell an easy victim, first to Feuerbach, then to Schopenhauer. In the case of the latter philosopher he was unable to detect the simplest of his errors by reason of his lack of real metaphysical training; and he maundered on in his terribly serious way about the will and time and space and causality and the rest of it, without ever a suspicion that he was following the lead of Schopenhauer in the merest verbal absurdity. And he confesses withal that he cannot even understand Schopenhauer by real assimilation of the argument—evidently regarding one of the simplest and clearest of writers as a thinker almost too profound for the comprehension of ordinary minds.

I cannot pretend [he writes to Roeckel] that I am at all times able to follow the process of the solution of this mighty problem, still less to expound it clearly. The clear realization of the subjective character of time, space and causality, as mere forms of perception, *argues a mental process of so sublime a nature that, as Schopenhauer proves beyond dispute, it can only be possible to an abnormally organized brain, and under conditions of peculiar excitement.*

The man who is capable of a performance of this kind had really better leave metaphysics alone; one begins to wonder whether he did not see something rather profound in the multiplication-table or Euclid's Elements. Yet this was the man, and this the mind, that preached in season and out of season upon questions of philosophy and economics and history and esthet-

ics and sociology; that really felt a mission to give to the world, not only in prose but in a drama, the true solution of the problem of human existence.

For that, finally, is what the "Ring" pretends to do. Enough has already been said, in the earliest part of this article, to show what were Wagner's views upon certain questions of human life during the years when he was thinking out the drama. He was living, as he always did, in a mental world of fog and mist, wherein everything took the strangest of forms. His essay on the "Nibelungen," written at that time, is still worth reading as an example of the most approved Teutonic *apriorism*; a purely historical subject is treated from the point of view of the most abstract dialectics, and historical events, depending upon all kinds of economic, social and military forces, are made to stand as "moments" in a development that follows its dialectical course like a piece of prearranged clockwork. He was not alone in this manner of writing history in Germany just then; other men were doing it almost as serenely and as absurdly as himself. The only things worth wondering about are, first, how the musician who could treat history and sociology in this, the easiest, the most primitive, the most *banal* of all possible methods, could ever have been held up to our adoring gaze as a great thinker; and, second, how is it that those who have shrugged their shoulders in quiet tolerance over Wagner's philosophy, as expressed in the "Nibelungen" and other prose works, should have failed to pass a similar criticism upon the philosophy of the "Ring."

For surely one has only to read that poem with one's eyes open to be convinced that Wagner was laboring under the most pathetic delusion when he thought he was contributing anything of the slightest value to the intellectual store of the race. It is quite unnecessary for his disciples to take such infinite pains to prove that Wagner was a Schopenhauerite before ever he read a line of Schopenhauer. That is just the trouble; he had already cer-

tain vague innate notions as to renunciation and redemption, and Schopenhauer, so far as Wagner could understand him, gave a support to these notions. He took the philosopher up, not because of his interest in philosophy, but because of his interest in his own ideas.

In accepting unreservedly the profound truths of his teaching [he wrote] I was able to follow my own inner bent; and although he has given my line of thought a direction somewhat different from its previous one, yet only this direction harmonized with the profoundly sorrowful conception I had already formed of the world.

The confession was quite unnecessary; the impression one gets from all his prose works is that of a man who could assimilate only so much of other men's ideas as happened to harmonize with his own—he being curiously like Schopenhauer in this respect. There was no correction or readjustment of view by the clash of other men's opinions. If he changed at all, it was in obedience to the changes in his health or in his relations to the world.

The programme of the "Ring," in its final form, was not exactly what Wagner intended it to be in the beginning. At first the hero was Siegfried, the man of the future; in the drama, as we now have it, the real hero is Wotan. Wagner's curious explanation of this reversal of mood—optimism giving way to pessimism, or what looks very like pessimism—is that in the first sketch of the drama he was obeying his intellectual instead of his artistic nature. The latter, he assumed, was always correct in its intuitions; the former was liable to error.

I made my most remarkable discovery in this respect [he wrote] with my Nibelung drama. It had taken form at a time when, with my ideas, I had built up an optimistic world on Hellenic principles; believing that, in order to realize such a world, it was only necessary for man to wish it. I ingeniously set aside the problem, Why they did not wish it; [which is as good a criticism as one could desire on "Art and Revolution" and "The Art-

Work of the Future"]. I remember that it was with this definite creative purpose that I conceived the personality of Siegfried, with the intention of representing an existence free from pain.

The drama was, in fact, simply a moral treatise on the wrongness of wrong and the rightness of right—not a particularly illuminative philosophy. As he went on, however, he discovered, according to his own account, that he was "unconsciously being guided by a wholly different, infinitely more profound intuition, and that instead of conceiving a phase in the development of the world, I had grasped the very meaning and essence of the world itself in all its possible phases and had realized its nothingness; the consequence of which was, that as I was true to my living intuitions and not to my abstract ideas in my completed work, something quite different saw the light from what I had originally intended." This "something quite different" was the making of Wotan the centre of the whole drama, as the embodiment of the principle of renunciation. Wagner, in fact, was suffering from a very bad attack of Schopenhauerism, partly congenital and partly induced. There is undoubtedly a touch of old-world grandeur even in the more metaphysical portions of the "Ring;" but that effect is produced mainly by the nobility of the music. On the purely philosophical side, upon which Wagner laid so much stress, the scheme is hopelessly mediocre in conception; it is just a very dull sermon on liberty and law. Fricka, as the representative of conventional law and order, is as hopeless a lay figure as one could meet; and all the other characters, in so far as they do not interest us on the purely human side, in so far as they merely pose as symbols of various parts of the social structure, are not only dull but foolish. For what is the great "tragedy of renunciation" which Wotan accomplishes of his own free will? As Mr. David Irvine has recently expressed it, Wagner, in the "Ring," "held that man's salvation lay in recognizing necessity in nature, and

in yielding to it instead of opposing it."

Well, the comment upon that kind of thing is that it is painfully reminiscent of the dialectic of the young curate. What is necessity in nature? If there is "necessity," can it be opposed? and if it can be opposed, ought it to be called necessity? Wagner's doctrine was that "we must will the inevitable, and accomplish it spontaneously." But what conception could he have had of the inevitable? If you can will whatever you like, and get it, then necessity is not inevitable; and if you cannot get what you want by willing—if you can only get what inevitable necessity has predestined for you—then it is somewhat superfluous to talk of "accomplishing freely what necessity wills." Wagner, in fact, was not only trying to treat in music a subject for which music is quite unfitted, but he was setting about to preach a new philosophy of society with only the merest smattering of knowledge and only a mediocre capacity for thinking. Undoubtedly there is, and always has been, a conflict between the interests and desires of the individual and the laws of society. But who is going to treat with even average respect a theory that affects to settle the whole complex question by mere laudation of the "free individual," and the necessity of recognizing the inevitable, and the rest of that airy jargon? If a musician must needs preach a social evangel in his operas, have we not a right to expect of him some little logical preparation for his task? Who cares for all this vaporizing about "the individual," and "constituted authority," and the "immorality of convention;" who wants an opera to be a gallery peopled with dull abstractions drawn alternately from anarchistic and socialistic handbooks? To repeat once more, Wagner was not contributing one iota to the knowledge or the wisdom of mankind; he was simply throwing at our heads the crude and primitive ideas of an organism radically incapable of patient and profitable thinking. He himself, in his con-

fused and amateur way, rambled perpetually about the superiority of "instinct" to "abstract knowledge." One does not, in the year 1898, set one's self to correct psychological blunders of that kind; it is sufficient to note the phenomenon as being of importance in a diagnosis of Wagner's character. Holding these ideas, he argued, as he always did, from the particular to the general; because he could see no further than this himself, he failed to perceive that to other people his "philosophy" was only primeval nonsense. His Wotan was meant to typify a being "who has wished to drink at the fountain of wisdom, and to be guided by the counsels of sovereign reason;" while Siegfried, on the contrary, always "obeys the primordial law of instinct." Who takes any serious interest in these crude metaphysical antitheses, and who, above all, wants them embodied in music? Or take again his lay figure of Fricka, as the guardian of the conventional marriage-law, and his Brynhild, as the upholder of love against traditional morality. Even the most thorough-going revolutionary must draw back in amazement at this childlike mode of settling a huge social question. Has "traditional morality" no justification? Are we to have all our doubts allayed by this sentimental rhapsodizing about love, and by the assurance that if we were all actuated by no other motive than love we should all be very happy? No doubt; but that is not a particularly profound philosophy, nor does one need it preached at him in a four-barrelled opera.

That the so-called "philosophy" of the "Ring" is merely the mediocre sentiment of a man incapable of thinking out the great problems he was interested in, must, I think, be the verdict of every one who considers it on its merits, apart from the glamour of the music. It was only natural that a mind of this kind should be impervious to criticism; the ideas not being got at through solid thinking—being, in fact, nothing more than the irresponsible self-expression of the artist—were not

likely to be affected by the views of other men. So that it is not surprising to find Wagner writing to Roeckel that—

It was not so much the obscurity of my version of the poem, as the point of view which you persistently adopted in opposition to mine, which was the cause of your failing to understand many important parts of it. Such mistakes (*sic*) are, of course, only possible in the case of a reader who substitutes his own ideas for those of the poet, while the simple-minded reader, perhaps, unconsciously to himself, takes in the matter more easily, just as it is.

In other words, you must not criticise the poem by bringing to bear upon its philosophical and social theories your own knowledge of philosophical and social problems. That is substituting your own ideas for those of the poet; what you have to do is to be a simple-minded reader, taking in the matter "just as it is." Well, Wagner has had followers enough of that order; but to the outside mind the letter to Roeckel has its touch of pathos. From an intelligence of this kind no light could possibly come upon concrete matters of life and art; and we may surmise that Roeckel, who was the ablest of all Wagner's correspondents, had an intuition of this, and hinted as much to Wagner.

You must not take it ill [the musician wrote] if I only smile at the advice you give me to tear myself away from dreams and egoistic illusions, and to devote myself to what alone is real—to life itself and its aspirations. For I, on the contrary, believe that I am devoting myself to absolute reality, in the most effective, deliberate and determinate way, by carrying out my own views, even those that entail the most suffering, and by dedicating every one of my faculties to this end.

The self-delusion was complete. The man with no notion of reality believed that he alone saw reality as it actually was; the man whose every conception was abstract and *à priori* lamented the tendency of other men to live in abstractions; the man whose powers failed whenever he came to touch a concrete question must needs attempt

to deal with the most intricate of all concrete questions in the most unsuitable of all possible mediums.

It was probably some such reflection as this that was in Roedel's mind at the time of his correspondence with Wagner. Knowing the man's enormous musical gift and the mediocrity of his talent in other directions, he must have regretted the one flaw in Wagner's mind, the one malign gift his natal fairies had bestowed on him—this desire to make his musical genius the mere mouthpiece of his crude philosophical notions. That is the regret that fills the minds of some of Wagner's admirers to-day, and that will probably be dominant in men's minds a century hence, when the metaphysics and sociology of Wagner and his era shall have become as utterly alien to the race as those of the last century are to us. In those days, when Wagner's prose works will be reprinted only in short extracts and summaries, and men will recall, as they listen to his music, vague traditions of certain pseudo-philosophical notions which the operas are supposed to embody, they will regret that he did not choose somewhat less grandiose subjects for his muse to work upon. That is what a great many of us feel to-day. We do not want a composer to give us tracts instead of operas, particularly when the tracts themselves are uninteresting to a degree. Fifty years ago, A. B. Marx, reviewing in a not unsympathetic spirit such of Wagner's works as had then seen the light, called attention to the fact that some of Wagner's ideas were so far off the ordinary line of human psychology as to be almost incomprehensible to the majority of men. In the case of "Lohengrin," for example, he remarked that few people could take much interest in a man who leaves the woman who loves him simply because she asks his name. It is what a great many other auditors of "Lohengrin" have felt; but it was an aspect of the question that had never presented itself to Wagner. He was concerned with Lohengrin as the representative of certain social ideas

which were of profound interest to the composer, but of little interest to any one else; and he failed to perceive that other people, whose notions of life were not congenitally colored by these prepossessions, would look at the tragedy of the drama in a very different way. Had Marx been acquainted with the "Ring" he would, I think, have had an even better text for his sermon. These musical dissertations on freedom, and convention, and the marriage laws, and necessity, and renunciation, and regeneration, have little interest for anyone but those constructed somewhat upon Wagner's pattern. To the vast majority of us they are merely dull. What does survive in our minds, over-riding all disrespectful feelings towards the philosophy of the "Ring," is the marvellous music to which it is wedded, the stupendous expression of every emotion it is possible for music to express, the genius with which every part is welded together by the leading-motives, the vastness of mind, not met with in any musician before or since, that enables Wagner to handle, like a giant, that mass of intractable material, and bend everything to his own will. To regard him as the greatest of all musicians, but to write down his philosophical ideas as merely commonplace, will perhaps lay one open to the charge of being no admirer of Wagner. But one may answer that the truest form of admiration is to admire him not in virtue of his defects, but in spite of them; and to many of us there is something infinitely touching in the sight of this Titanic musical genius being incorporated in a brain quite mediocre in other respects, so that all the anxious care he expended upon the poetical part of a drama like the "Ring" leads only to a philosophy that the world will decline to take seriously. Had his musical faculty only been allied to a reflective faculty of even approximate power, what would the world then have seen in musical drama! All that will continue to interest men in the "Ring" is the purely human portions, the great pictures of love and hate, of

pain and sorrow and death. To these mankind will always be responsive, even in the days when the philosophy of the drama has ceased to occupy the minds of more than a casual student here and there. But one regrets that this wonderful musical gift should not have been expended upon some great drama planned upon more universal lines, so that we might feel throughout it, as we feel here and there in the "Ring," that the musical drama, as Wagner conceived it, is really a form of art worthy to stand beside the noblest productions of the other arts. The work as a whole—poem and philosophy considered as well as the music—is undoubtedly a failure, but a gigantic failure; and made by the music of it a failure infinitely grander than the successes of most other composers.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

From Temple Bar.

THE WORD OF AN ENGLISHMAN.

In the rich plain of Sharon, midway between the mountains and the sea, lies the village of Sulfoon. Its houses are built of mud, not unmixed with stone, but the mud predominates. Here and there among the hovels and strange conical mud-huts—which last serve as granaries, storehouses and the like—date palms rise, each tapering shaft crowned with a noble plume of wide-spreading leaves and pendant fringe of reddening fruit. To the east and south a vast grove of silver-grey olives stretches without a break into the blue distance as far as Lydda and the white mosque of Ramleh, and away to the foot of the mountains. To the north and west is the wide plain, swelling seaward with gentle undulations, a dark green streak in the distance marking the line of the orange gardens of Jaffa.

The men of Sulfoon were till lately of evil repute in the land. They were robbers, and of course liars. They were fanatics, Moslem in name, but in nothing else save their hatred of unbeliev-

ers. Worst crime of all, they were inhospitable. A good man may be a robber—by robbery one may come to riches and great honor. And he who will not tell a lie for his own advantage is a fool, and the son of a fool; but for any man to send a stranger hungry and thirsty from his door is a crime, and the blackest of crimes.

But a change, hard to understand, has taken place in the men of Sulfoon. Formerly no European could ride past the village unstoned; now he can hardly avoid being feasted.

I.

It was the third hour of a spring day. The season of the latter rains was past, but the land was still green and flowery. The sun beat down upon the village, making the palm-leaves quiver high in air in a haze of heat. The children of Sulfoon, boys and girls alike—half-naked, brown-skinned, dusty, with blue beads strung round their necks as a charm against all evil—were playing in the narrow path which runs through the village, serving at once the purposes of roadway, dust-heap and general gutter.

The game could hardly be called scientific. It could not be said to have a beginning, middle, or end. They were pelting each other furiously with dried camel's dung and other refuse, shouting and screaming the while as if their very lives depended on it. Now and then a dismal howl of pain would be raised, as some well-aimed missile struck one of the players full in the face, blinding him or her for the moment.

Foremost in the fray was Ahmed, son of Mustapha. Being nearly nine years old—the oldest boy engaged in the skirmish—he showed his manhood and superiority by smothering every girl, who came within range, with dirt. His father had ridden away to Jaffa at sunrise, upon an ass, together with a load of tobacco-leaves to be sold to the Régie, and Ahmed had begun his holiday by kicking his little sister Lulu, aged three—it was lucky that Mustapha was far away at Jaffa, for Lulu

was a great pet—till she howled with pain, and then rolling her over and over in the refuse of the roadway to stop her crying. Then, his mother coming to the rescue, he fled to the maize fields, where he had lain hidden till he thought that the storm had had time to blow over.

The game was very much to Ahmed's mind, for, being the biggest boy present, he had things all his own way. He had just succeeded in making one little girl cry, and was in the act of throwing a great clod of filth at a very small boy, naked save for a battered and tasselled fez, when the clatter of approaching hoofs alarmed him, and the clod fell from his hand. Two Frankish horsemen were entering the village.

"Unbelieving dogs!" muttered Ahmed, with clenched teeth.

The other children fled in terror, everyone to his or her own doorway, but Ahmed stood his ground. He was almost a man now, and knew well how a man would behave on such an occasion.

The horsemen were both clad in white coats, white riding-breeches and brown top-boots. The one wore a pith helmet and a puggery, the other a broad-brimmed felt hat. Ahmed had seen the like once before, when he had been to Jaffa with his father. They were Franks, unbelievers and accursed.

He of the pith helmet held a white rag to his nose as he rode. Ahmed, who knew nothing of the uses of a pocket-handkerchief, saw something sinister in the action. They were chatting together in an unknown tongue, and their voices were in their mouths, not in their throats.

"Surely," thought the boy, "they speak cruel spells against us, and the rag is an evil charm."

He shrank close up to the mud wall as they passed, his bare feet finding a soft, warm cushion in the sun-baked refuse, and clutched at his blue beads for protection. Then he stooped, and picking up a large stone with jagged edges, he flung it after them, muttering the while a string of curses long

enough to have killed three moderately healthy missionaries.

The stone struck one of the horses; and its rider—he of the pith helmet—had all he could do to keep his seat, and at the same time save his leg from being crushed against the wall, as the frightened beast kicked and plunged in the narrow way. Ahmed grinned with delight, and was just bending down to find another stone for his purpose, when he was aware of the horseman in the broad-brimmed hat riding towards him with whip upraised. The boy stood still, his arms hanging helpless with horror and dismay. Could the unbeliever be about to whip him, a good Moslem, in his own village, in a Moslem land?—to whip him for vindicating the honor of his religion in the orthodox way? The thought filled him with such terror and disgust that he began to howl and scream, even before he felt the avenging lash curl lovingly round his bare, brown limbs, with the sting of ten thousand serpents.

At the first touch of the whip Ahmed threw himself, face downward, upon the ground, writhing and shrieking in an ecstasy of pain—the pain he was *going* to feel. And he lay there, still writhing, howling and cursing, long after the Frank had made an end of whipping him. The sounds of his anguish brought haggard, slovenly women and turbaned men to the door of every hovel, and, penetrating even to the maize and tobacco fields, caused the workers to throw aside their tools and hasten to the place of torment.

A crowd gathered at either end of the narrow way, and the sound of muttered curses was in the air. The stranger took in the position at a glance. He motioned his friend, who looked frightened, to draw closer to him.

"That will teach thee to show some courtesy to strangers, son of a dog!" he cried, in much better Arabic than Ahmed was used to hear.

Then turning his horse, he rode up to the largest and angriest group of villagers.

"Bring hither the sheikh of the village," he said.

The men glanced furtively at each other. This was certainly some great man, perhaps even a consul, one with whose doings it is not well to meddle. He spoke as if the whole world belonged to him, yet none was found to answer or to obey.

"Bring hither the sheikh of the village, and that quickly, sons of a dog," repeated the horseman impatiently, but without anger.

This was indeed a great man. Only one secure in his high position would dare to call men "sons of a dog" in their own village, and he alone with but one follower.

An old man in a long camel's-hair cloak, and turban conspicuous by its extreme filth, stepped forward.

"I am the sheikh of the village, at your Excellency's command," he said, with a low salaam.

"Come hither, then, and hold my horse's bridle," said the Frank.

"Your Excellency shall be obeyed," said the sheikh, again bowing. "My people are as his people. One of my men shall hold his horse's bridle."

"Dog! Darest thou disobey me? Come quickly and hold the bridle in thine own hand," cried the Frank in a voice of thunder.

The sheikh obeyed, trembling, and the stranger dismounted with a sigh of relief.

"We've won the day!" he shouted to his friend in English. "Swagger goes a long way in this land."

He glanced disdainfully at the cowed faces of the villagers—one of whom rushed with fulsome servility to help the other stranger in dismounting—and went on to fill and light his pipe. There is nothing which so awes an ignorant and half savage people as perfect coolness and self-possession, and these qualities are best shown in the deliberate filling and lighting of a pipe.

"Bring two stools and some water. My friend and I are tired and thirsty."

The order being given to no particular individual, at least a dozen men hurried off on the errand. The number of stools and pitchers brought was overwhelming. When the strangers had

made their choice and seemed quite at ease, two men led the horses to a shady place, and the rest of the villagers withdrew to a respectful distance, whispering together, with eyes fixed upon the unlooked-for guests.

Little Ahmed, who had retired to his own doorway for safety, was receiving condign punishment at the hands of his mother. His monotonous wail—there was none of the luxury of pain now, for the situation was far from romantic—had set two lean pariah dogs a-howling with sympathy.

"Quite a concert—eh, Jim?" said the self-possessed stranger, taking his pipe from his mouth.

"I must say you were rather too hard on the little rascal," said the other reprovingly. "You needn't have leath-ered into him quite so furiously. He's catching it pretty hot at this moment, I fancy, and two hidings in five minutes is a bit too strong for such a little chap."

The self-possessed man answered by means of a portentous wink and went on smoking placidly, now and then giving his moustache a twirl to add to the ferocity of his aspect. The villagers were chattering together in low tones, and seemed greatly excited.

II.

At length the sheikh came forward, bowing almost to the ground.

Would his Excellency, whose mere presence in a house was of more value than many medicines, before whose face disease fled affrighted—a doubtful compliment, to the Frank's mind, this last—deign to look upon his (the sheikh's) little son, who lay at the point of death?

"What does he say?" asked the stranger in the pith helmet.

His companion translated. "In these out-of-the-way villages," he explained, "almost the only Europeans they ever see are medical missionaries, so they look upon us all as doctors more or less."

The sheikh's shifty little eyes wandered from one to the other anxiously.

"I am no doctor, old man," continued the stranger in Arabic. "Of what use is it that I should look upon thy sick child?"

The villagers looked at each other and smiled. "The great are ever so," they murmured. "They must be bathed in a very sea of flattery ere they will grant a boon to a poor man. Now know we in truth that he is a very great physician."

"I know well that I and all my people are but as dirt before your Excellency," whined the sheikh, and tears of servility filled his eyes. "Let him trample upon us, an it please him. Yet it is but a small thing I ask. Let him but look upon the child and speak the words of healing, for one word from the mouth of such an one is worth much medicine."

"Thou art a fool, and the son of a fool," said the Frank after a moment's silence. "Yet, since thou wilt have it so, I will look upon thy child that is sick. But I have told thee I am no doctor, but a plain man, the words of whose mouth have no power more than thine own."

The sheikh bowed, and hastened to lead the way.

"You don't mind stopping where you are, and keeping an eye on the horses, do you, Jim?" said the supposed doctor to his friend, as he prepared to follow.

The house of the sheikh was larger than the other hovels of the place, and its walls were almost entirely of stone. It stood at the northwest corner of the village, looking towards Carmel. A giant palm-tree rose before the door—a landmark for miles round.

In the low doorway, sheltered from the sun's glare, a young woman was sitting, kneading dough in an earthen pan. She was very dirty, but plump and not ill-looking, though her eyes were tired and anxious. She rose, drawing her veil across her face, as the sheikh and his companion passed into the house. A group of villagers—men, women and children—gathered at the threshold, watching with eager curiosity the movements of the Frankish doctor.

It was some time before the stranger's eyes grew accustomed to the shade of the room. The wooden shutters of the windows were closed; and a single ray of light, streaming through the open door, seemed from without to cleave solid darkness.

But by degrees he saw the four walls, the cooking utensils scattered here and there about the floor, a heap of dirty cushions and coverings in one corner, and—in the darkest nook of all, on a rough couch, the dirt and squalor of which made him shudder—the sick boy.

He drew closer and bent over the child. A cloud of flies buzzed around the couch, causing the little fellow to toss and moan continually, as they settled here and there upon his face and body. The air of the room was close and unwholesome, compounded of a thousand stifling smells.

The Frank stepped to the window and flung open the crazy wooden shutters. A draught of warm, fragrant air passed through the room. Then he turned to the sheikh.

"Thy son will surely die," he said, "if he be not quickly removed to some cleaner and more wholesome place. The foulness of this village would bring sickness even to a healthy man."

The sheikh shrugged his shoulders, spreading out his hands in deprecation.

"The village is your Excellency's, to do with even as he shall think fit. If it is his will that it be destroyed, it shall be destroyed. Only let him speak the word of healing to my sick son!"

The stranger turned away with a gesture of loathing.

"I told thee, ere I came hither, that I was no doctor," he said; "but listen to me! Send thy child at once to Jaffa, to the English hospital there, and his life may yet be saved."

"To hear is to obey," replied the sheikh, with evident insincerity, "but I am a poor man, and hospitals are for the rich. Let your Excellency but name some medicine for the boy, and he will be cured without trouble or cost."

"Aye, medicine! It is medicine that

he needs!" came in chorus from the group about the threshold.

"I have spoken," said the Frank, making towards the door. "It is my last word, and I repeat it. Send thy son to the hospital at Jaffa, if thou hast a mind to save his life. It will cost thee nothing."

He was already on the threshold, and the villagers had drawn aside to let him pass, when the young woman, who had till then been crouching beside her child, sprang forward, and, flinging herself upon the ground, clasped his feet.

"Khawajah, save him! Save him!" she cried. "He is my only child!"

The Frank stood still, looking down upon her. The girl's face—she was but a girl in years—was as the face of an angel pleading with him. He turned to the sheikh once more.

"As I have told thee many times already, I am not a doctor," he said, "but I return at once to Jaffa. I will send thee a doctor hither this evening, ere the sun sets."

"But your Excellency may forget! He has many weighty matters in his mind. Let him but speak."

"I shall not forget. I have given my word as an Englishman," interrupted the stranger. And he stepped forth into the sunlight. As he turned the corner of the house, the agonized shriek of a woman reached his ears. She was calling down curses upon his head, because he had not cured her child.

"It is a lovely place," he murmured, some five minutes later, turning in his saddle for a last view of Sulfoon. They were crossing a dry wady some five hundred yards from the foot of the knoll on which the village stands.

"A filthy, dirty place," said his companion, "and a nest of scoundrels into the bargain."

But the supposed doctor had forgotten the dirt and squalor. He was thinking of the face of the woman as she lay at his feet; and his backward glance found the village fair enough, with its grey-brown dwellings and tapering palms, standing out against the background of blue mountains.

"One touch of nature!" he muttered.

"If these people were not such confounded humbugs one might feel more inclined to do something for them. That woman's grief was genuine, at any rate. Lucky there happens to be a medical man staying at the hotel, with nothing to do. You should take a general view of things, Jim," he added aloud, "and of people, too, for that matter. Details are apt to prove disheartening."

III.

The day wore on, and the dark shadow of the palm-tree before the sheikh's house lengthened slowly eastward. The sick child tossed and moaned upon the squalid couch within. And his every moan struck, as it were, a blow upon his mother's heart.

"A curse upon the Frankish unbeliever!" said the sheikh to his cronies, as they squatted upon a grassy mound, a stone's throw from the village, beneath the shade of a giant olive-tree. "Would we had stoned him when he beat the boy Ahmed with his whip. My son—my only son—the hope of my house, will die. And he could have saved him with a word—may his house be destroyed!"

"He promised to send a doctor hither from Jaffa, before the hour of the sun-setting," said a young man, who was leaning against the gnarled trunk of the tree. "Perchance he may keep his word."

"Abdullah, thou art a fool and of no judgment!" quoth the sheikh angrily. "I tell thee that the sun will sooner forget the hour of his setting than a rich man will remember to keep his word, pledged to one that is poorer than he."

"But," Abdullah persisted, "I have heard men say in the city, even in Jaffa, that the word of a Frank is not as the word of the son of an Arab!"

"Be silent!" said the sheikh. "Thy talk is but of folly. The men of the city are liars, as were their fathers before them. Abou Nabood has said—and the words are written above his fountain, at the entering in of the city, among the gardens—'Cursed is the man that chooseth him a friend from among the men of Jaffa.' And thou, Abdullah,

hast been fool enough to believe their tales. The promise of a rich man to a poor is the same all the world over. Why should the Frank keep his word, more than another? Is it *his* son that is ill? He is gone, and the matter has passed from his mind. He is not a fool that he should burden his thoughts with the sorrows of others. My son—my only son—will die, when a word might have saved him!"

So the day wore on, and the sun hung lower and ever lower over the western sea, and the hues of the land grew warmer and more ruddy, and the shadows longer and longer to the eastward. And men shouted cheerily one to another, for the time of toil and heat was past, and the coolness of evening was over all the land.

A clatter of hoofs sounded in the village.

"It is Mustapha, the father of Ahmed, who returns from the city," said one.

"Perchance it is the Frankish doctor," muttered Abdullah, the pig-headed.

An ass, staggering beneath the weight of two sacks and its master, appeared in the narrow way between the hovels. Abdullah looked abashed. It was Mustapha's ass, and Mustapha himself, clothed in his striped cloak of camel's hair, brown and white, and his huge turban, was seated sideways thereon, his bare legs dangling almost to the ground.

"Didst thou pass any Frank on the way, O father of Ahmed?" cried the sheikh, hastening to meet him.

"What have I to do with Franks?" shouted Mustapha, dismounting, and preparing to further unburden his steed. "And as for passing one of them—they ride upon horses, and that furiously. It is not an easy thing for a poor man upon an ass to pass them in the way."

"Is it not even as I said?" cried the sheikh, turning upon Abdullah. "Thou art a fool, and the son of a fool! The word of a rich man to one that is poor is the same all the world over! Behold! It is the hour of the sun-setting, and the

physician has not come! My son will die!"

Even as he spoke the sun's rim dipped below the western horizon, and an amethyst hue suffused the eastern sky. One-half of the village glowed red as fire, the other was in deep shadow.

"It is the hour of the evening meal," said the sheikh, and he turned to go to his house.

One-half of the sun's disc was below the horizon. The shadows of the palm-trees stretched far away towards the mountains.

"I hear the sound of hoofs!" cried Abdullah.

Even as he spoke, a European horseman entered the village, followed by a servant driving two mules.

"Where is the sheikh of the village?" cried the newcomer, "he whose son lies at death's door? Show my servant a place where he can pitch the tent. Where is the sheikh, I say? Does his son yet live?"

He poured forth his stream of mingled question and command, with the rapidity of one who has no time to waste.

A great awe fell upon the villagers. Here was a strange thing indeed—a rich man in a hurry! Still more strange, he was in a hurry upon another man's business. They stood staring at the prodigy, with mouths agape.

"I cannot wait here all night!" cried the Frank impatiently. "I am a physician, and I have come to tend the sheikh's son who is sick. Guide me to the house, one of you!"

The word "physician" roused the sheikh from the state of torpor into which the awful energy of the stranger had plunged him.

"The western sky is still red and warm with the sun-setting," he shouted, waving his arms wildly. "A rich man has kept his word to me that am poor! Surely the end of all things is at hand!" And he ran before the doctor to the door of his own house.

Late that night, when the stars were bright in the sky, and the sick child was sleeping peacefully upon a camp bed in the doctor's tent, the men of the

village sat and talked together at the foot of the tall palm-tree, before the house of the sheikh, which looks towards Carmel. And they swore a great oath that they, and their sons, and their sons' sons, would never suffer a Frank to pass by Sulfoon unchallenged, and, if he proved to be an Englishman, unfeasted.

And, at this day, when the men of Sulfoon wish to bind themselves by a solemn oath, they swear by the "Word of an Englishman," which is as the word of Allah—"faithful to rich and poor alike."

E. GRECK.

From The Spectator.

LANDSCAPE AND LITERATURE.

To the editor of the *Spectator*: Sir,—Your article on "Landscape and Literature" in the *Spectator* of June 18th has the following, among other suggestive passages:—"But whence came the vision of the enchanted island in 'The Tempest'? It had no existence in Shakespeare's world, but was woven out of such stuff as dreams are made of."

May I cite Malone's suggestion connecting the play with the casting away of Sir George Somers on the island of Bermuda in 1609; and further may I be allowed to say how it seems to me possible that the vision was woven from the most prosaic material—from nothing more promising, in fact, than the chatter of a half-tipsy sailor at a theatre? Thus:—

A stage-manager, who writes and ramps plays, moving among his audience, overhears a mariner discoursing to his neighbor of a grievous wreck, and of the behavior of the passengers, for whom all sailors have ever entertained a natural contempt. He describes, with the wealth of detail peculiar to sailors, measures taken to claw the ship off a lee-shore, how helm and sails were worked, what the passengers did and what he said. One

pungent phrase—to be rendered later into: "What care these brawlers for the name of King?"—strikes the manager's ear, and he stands behind the talkers. Perhaps only one-tenth of the earnestly delivered, hand-on-shoulder sea-talk was actually used of all that was automatically and unconsciously stored by the inland man who knew all inland arts and crafts. Nor is it too fanciful to imagine a half-turn to the second listener as the mariner, banning his luck as mariners will, says there are those who would not give a doit to a poor man while they will lay out ten to see a raree-show—a dead Indian. Were he in foreign parts, as now he is in England, he could show people something in the way of strange fish. Is it to consider too curiously to see a drink ensue on this hint (the manager dealt but little in his plays with the sea at first hand, and his instinct for new words would have been waked by what he had already caught), and with the drink a sailor's minute description of how he went across through the reefs to the island of his calamity—or islands rather, for there were many? Some you could almost carry away in your pocket. They were sown broadcast like—like the nutshells on the stage there. "Many islands, in truth," says the manager patiently, and afterwards his Sebastian says to Antonio: "I think he will carry the island home in his pocket and give it to his son for an apple." To which Antonio answers: "And sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands."

"But what was the land like?" says the manager. The sailor tries to explain. "It was green, with yellow in it; a tawny-colored country"—the color, that is to say, of the coral-beached, cedar-covered Bermuda of to-day—"and the air made one sleepy, and the place was full of noises"—the muttering and roaring of the sea among the islands and between the reefs—"and there was a sou'west wind that blistered one all over." The Elizabethan mariner would not distinguish finely between blisters and prickly heat; but the Bermudian of to-day will tell you that the sou'west,

or Lighthouse, wind in summer brings that plague and general discomfort. That the coral rock, battered by the sea, rings hollow with strange sounds, answered by the winds in the little cramped valleys, is a matter of common knowledge.

The man, refreshed with more drink, then describes the geography of his landing place—the spot where Trinculo makes his first appearance. He insists and reinstitutes on details which to him at one time meant life or death, and the manager follows attentively. He can give his audience no more than a few hangings and a placard for scenery, but that his lines shall lift them beyond that bare show to the place he would have them, the manager needs for himself the clearest possible understanding—the most ample detail. He must see the scene in the round—solid—ere he peoples it. Much, doubtless, he discarded, but so closely did he keep to his original informations that those who go to-day to a certain bench some two miles from Hamilton will find the stage set for Act II. Scene 2 of "The Tempest"—a bare beach, with the wind singing through the scrub at the land's edge, a gap in the reefs wide enough for the passage of Stephano's butt of sack, and (these eyes have seen it) a cave in the coral within easy reach of the tide, whereto such a butt might be conveniently rolled ("My cellar is in a rock by the seaside where my wine is hid"). There is no other cave for some two miles. "Here's neither bush nor shrub;" one is exposed to the wrath of "yond same black cloud," and here the currents strand wreckage. It was so well done that, after three hundred years, a stray tripper, and no Shakespeare scholar, recognized in a flash that old first set of all.

So far good. Up to this point the manager has gained little except some suggestions for an opening scene, and some notion of an uncanny island. The mariner (one cannot believe that Shakespeare was mean in these little things) is dipping to a deeper drunkenness. Suddenly he launches into a preposterous tale of himself and his fellows,

flung ashore, separated from their officers, horribly afraid of the devil-haunted beach of noises, with their heads full of the fumes of broached liquor. One castaway was found hiding under the ribs of a dead whale which smelt abominably. They hauled him out by the legs—he mistook them for imps—and gave him drink. And now, discipline being melted, they would strike out for themselves, defy their officers and take possession of the island. The narrator's mates in this enterprise were probably described as fools. He was the only sober man in the company.

So they went inland, faring badly as they staggered up and down this pestilent country. They were pricked with palmettoes, and the cedar branches rasped their faces. Then they found and stole some of their officers' clothes which were hanging up to dry. But presently they fell into a swamp, and, what was worse, into the hands of their officers; and the great expedition ended in muck and mire. Truly an island bewitched. Else why their cramps and sickness? Sack never made a man more than reasonably drunk. He was prepared to answer for unlimited sack; but what befell his stomach and head was the purest magic that honest man ever met.

A drunken sailor of to-day wandering about Bermuda would probably sympathize with him; and to-day, as then, if one takes the easiest inland road from Trinculo's beach, near Hamilton, the path that a drunken man would infallibly follow, it ends abruptly in swamp. The one point that our mariner did not dwell upon was that he and the others were suffering from acute alcoholism combined with the effects of nerve-shattering peril and exposure. Hence the magic. That a wizard should control such an island was demanded by the beliefs of all seafarers of that date.

Accept this theory, and you will concede that "The Tempest" came to the manager sanely and normally in the course of his daily life. He may have been casting about for a new play; he

may have purposed to vamp an old one—say, "Aurello and Isabella;" or he may have been merely waiting on his demon. But it is all Prospero's wealth against Caliban's pignuts that to him in a receptive hour, sent by heaven, entered the original Stephano fresh from the seas and half-seas over. To him Stephano told his tale all in one piece, a two hours' discourse of most glorious absurdities. His profligate abundance of detail at the beginning, when he was more or less sober, supplied and surely established the earth-basis of the play in accordance with the great law that a story to be truly miraculous must be ballasted with facts. His maunderings of magic and incomprehensible ambushes, when he was without reservation drunk (and this is just the time when a lesser-minded man than Shakespeare would have paid the reckoning and turned him out) suggested to the manager the peculiar note of its supernatural mechanism.

Truly it was a dream, but that there may be no doubt of its source or of his obligation, Shakespeare has also made the dreamer immortal.—I am, Sir, etc.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

From *The Economist*.

THE GERMAN ELECTIONS.

The German elections must be a bitter disappointment to the German emperor. Those who know that sovereign best declare that, in spite of his theoretic absolutism and of his practical independence of opinion, the dearest wish of William the Second's heart is to capture the imagination of his subjects. He thinks first of all of himself, but he is always playing to the gallery. It is in the hope of pleasing his own people that he seeks a transmarine empire, that he plans the increase of his fleet, and that he dwells forever upon the glory of Germany, and the place which she is by and by to fill among the world-wide nations. He has always had a notion that he

would in the end secure a Parliament devoted to himself, and that he would then, with his whole people behind him, attempt some memorable undertaking. It was even supposed that he had recently gone some way towards the realization of his dream. Very close observers believed that the common people of Germany, aware of their increasing numbers and of their too severe competition for a comfortable subsistence, were carried away by their kaiser's efforts to secure a colonial empire, which to Germans, as to most persons on the Continent, is synonymous with national wealth. England is rich, they say, England has colonies, therefore the possession of colonies must naturally bring riches. They were especially fascinated with the seizure of Kiaochow, which was, they thought, the first step towards the conquest of China, and would infallibly bring them myriads of subjects, a splendid tribute and a most profitable trade. It was even declared that the vote for the fleet, which was secured after most experienced ministers had despaired of obtaining it, was given because of the popular delight in the emperor's foreign policy. The result of the elections tends to dissipate these dreams. None of the parties devoted to the emperor or to the State, as at present constituted, have advanced one step, the only parties which have prospered being the Social Democrats and the Roman Catholic Centre. The former, who are hardly Socialists, or even Collectivists, so much as an aggregate of all the dull discontent within the empire, though officered by men of Socialist aspirations, have increased their number of representatives to fifty-six, who will vote together as one man at the bidding of Herr Behel, and now control a vote of two millions, or one-fourth of all the electors in the empire. The latter party, who, so far as they are politicians, are Radicals of a rather advanced type, have increased their numbers to one hundred and three, and, as their leader recently remarked, so completely hold the balance of power

that they may be regarded as the governing party of the empire. The emperor, therefore, is still far from his ideal of a "free" ruler. He must still, if he wants money, court the Parliamentary groups, must still explain instead of merely announcing his plans, and must still abandon some of his most far-reaching schemes, lest they should, if subjected to discussion, prove too much for Parliamentary patience. He must, being, as he says, an "idealist," feel, as we have said, bitterly disappointed, and will probably turn with relief to his dreamy plan of making a pilgrimage to Jerusalem in such magnificent state as to make an impression on the imagination of the whole East. This pilgrimage, it is officially announced, is to be accomplished in August, and will furnish, there seems to be no doubt, one of the most brilliant and suggestive spectacles seen in modern history. Whether it will soothe away the discontent of a people suffering mainly from an absence of sufficient material comfort remains, however, to be proved. The middle class, which is open to sentiment, will probably be pleased, perhaps excited, but the body of the people will remain, we fear, sullenly dissatisfied with their surroundings.

Next to the democratic character of the new Parliament, the most noticeable facts about it are the absence of new leaders, and the want of any single and well-defined political aspiration. No name has emerged at the elections as that of one to whom the people look with hope, or from whom any combination of parties expects general guidance. There may be men of competence among the new members, but they have still to be revealed. There is not only no Mr. Gladstone in the German Parliament, but there is no one who is even thought of by his own followers as a possible minister in the future. Each group has a leader to whom it will commit the task of management, but there is no one who can be described as the head of the Government party or the recognized chief

of the Opposition. The Government will still bargain with the groups, and will still be opposed only in regard to individual measures. Nor is there any general cry. The Conservatives will still protect the bureaucracy, the Agrarians will still labor like fanatics for a most stringent system of protection for the materials of food, the Socialists will still plead for impossible interferences with capital, and the Centre will still push forward, though it does not clearly formulate its demands on behalf of the Catholic church. There is no one demand which, if conceded, the whole people would be conciliated, no one project of law which, if refused, would place the Parliament in opposition to the Crown.

Everything in Germany remains vague and formless, except the imperial authority, which, even in Parliament, monopolizes the initiative, and though not always successful, is alone truly alive. There is no sign that the importance of the Parliament as a factor in the State machine will increase, or that the influence of the three great factors of German political life—the Crown, the Bureaucracy and the Army—will be in any way diminished. Germany, in fact, does not even tend to become more like a modern and self-governing State, but remains as Prussia has always been—a royal demesne in which the tenants can refuse to pay more rent, but cannot in any other way assert their right to independence of the landlord, who can, except as regards the rent, take his own course unfettered, and can, in particular, punish the faintest criticism of his personal acts with heavy sentences of imprisonment. It is a curious symptom of German political life as differentiated from the political life of free States that no party in Parliament, not even the Socialists, goes up with a peremptory mandate from the electors to obtain a relaxation of the law of *lèse majesté*, which in England, or even in France, would be considered more unendurable than the most oppressive tax.

From The Saturday Review.
AMERICA AND SPAIN.

After the annihilation of the only Spanish "fleet in being," it is surely time for steps to be taken to put an end to the war. So long as Admiral Cervera had a squadron of fast cruisers and destroyers in Cuban waters, there was always some excuse for Spanish optimism, but now that her sea power is a thing of the past both in the West and in the East, the reduction of Cuba no less than that of the Philippines is only a question of time. Spanish valor cannot now save Havana or Manila; both are finally isolated from their base of supplies, and though much blood may be shed, and the United States may be made to pay dearly for their conquest, the final result cannot be materially modified. Under the circumstances it is as much the duty of Spain to arrange terms of peace as it was for Lee to surrender at Appomattox. No one thought less of the Southern general because he refused to continue a hopeless struggle when the main issue was decided, and the Spanish army in Cuba will forfeit none of the respect it has gained by its conduct throughout if it now bows to the inevitable. The conduct of the Spanish naval officers and men alike at Manila and at Santiago was worthy of the best days of Spanish chivalry. Spain can now yield with the consciousness that the "point of honor" has been fully satisfied.

For the Americans, too, the opportunity is favorable. Her raw troops, led by officers as raw as themselves, have done wonders. At the beginning they lacked almost everything needful: they suffered terribly from the climate and from mismanagement in high places; their landing, their march on Santiago, and their storming of the heights to the east of that city, constituted a feat of arms such as few nations can boast of. On sea the American achievements have only been limited to the capacity for resistance of their enemy, and the *Temps* pays both nations a fine compliment when it explains the disappearance of the

"Second Armada" by declaring that "once more has the sea betrayed Spain for the benefit of the Anglo-Saxon race, which appears, under whatever flag it fights, whether under the Stars and Stripes or under the Union Jack, to have all the favors of the element. If bravery, skill, qualities of heart and mind combined, could have saved Admiral Cervera, his officers, crews and vessels, on 3 July, would not have beheld the ocean close over the Second Armada." Both nations having thus, by universal testimony, vindicated their honor and their courage, what is there left to fight for? We shall be disappointed if the American do not recognize that their victory brings with it a responsibility, and that they are now in a position to act chivalrously towards an honorable opponent who, if defeated, is not disgraced.

Of course Cuba must become a state of the Union or a self-governing state under American protection, and America, in view of her commercial position in China and Oceania, has a right to a coaling station in the Philippines. Also if she chooses she may take guarantees for the good government of the islands in the future. That such a responsibility might involve an occupation almost as prolonged as our occupation in Egypt would not perhaps diminish its attraction in American eyes, while it might at the same time make the present settlement of difficulties easier for the Spaniards. Hawaii, Cuba, Manila—all this means that America has come out of her isolation and has put forth pretensions to enter the ranks of the great Powers. It is a great result after a short war—but it is only the beginning. Her position is as yet not established. It took Prussia over a century from Frederick the Great's time to ensure her position, and the United States must not expect to gain everything at once.

We are the more free to give this advice since we have from the outset warned the Washington Government of the unwisdom of doing unnecessary violence to the public conscience of

Europe. What America did with regard to Spain's dominion over Cuba was, as well-informed Americans now acknowledge, largely a matter of doing the right thing in the wrong way. America has found that a historic nation like Spain will not be bluffed or bullied, although she knows that ultimately she will have to yield to superior force. The German example has not yet established itself as the accepted model of diplomatic effort, and America will find that she sometimes goes further by going a little round about a point instead of rushing at it in a fury. She is now for the first time beginning to come into close contact with great Powers and great interests other than those of England, and the situation is new to her. Our own diplomacy, which, to America, too often appeared to be simply a process of "backing out," was in reality an expression of the feeling that no possible difference of opinion was serious enough to justify a war between the two countries. Other nations have no such scruples, and no such reason for them, and it is well that America should realize this in good time.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.¹

This is a memorable day to Englishmen as well as to Americans. It is to us a day both of regret and of rejoicing—of regret at the severance of the political connections which bound the two branches of one race together, and of regret even more for the unhappy errors which brought that severance about, and the unhappy strife by which the memory of it was embittered. But it is also a day of rejoicing, for it is the birthday of the eldest daughter of England, the day when a new nation sprung from our own and first took its independent place in the world. And now, with the progress of time, rejoicing has prevailed over re-

gret, and we in England can at length join heartily with you in celebrating the beginning of your national life. The presence of so many Englishmen among you to-night, indeed, the very aspect of our great London thoroughfares, bedecked from end to end by your national ensign, show how completely all sense of bitterness has passed away and been replaced by sympathy with all which this anniversary means to an American heart.

Yet it is not only the lapse of time that has worked this happy change. England and America now understand one another far better than they ever did before. In 1776 there was on one side a monarch and a small ruling caste; on the other side a people. Now, our Government can no longer misrepresent the nation, and across the ocean a people speaks to people. The Atlantic is ten times narrower now than it was then, the passage of men to and fro has increased a thousand-fold, and, through the personal knowledge of Americans by Englishmen and of Englishmen by Americans, there has been laid the best foundation for good-will and mutual understanding between the nations. We have both come, and that most notably within the last few months, to perceive that all over the world the interests of America and of England are substantially the same, and in recognition of this fact we see a solid basis for a permanent co-operation.

There is also another change that has powerfully worked for good in the relations of the peoples. A distinguished statesman has recently said that the Powers of the world may be divided into those that are living and those that are dying. The United States and Great Britain are among the living Powers. Those Powers are now few in number. They are growing stronger, while the others grow always weaker. They are imposing their languages and their types of civilization upon the world. The types that seem destined to survive and maintain their rivalry are now very few. One of them is represented by

¹ Speech by the Right Hon. James Bryce, M. P., at the Dinner of the American Society in London, July 4th.

two nations. It is that which is common to you Americans and to us Englishmen. We speak the same tongue, we enjoy and are instructed by the same literature, we live under laws which were in their origin and are still largely the same, and we have created institutions essentially similar in spirit and character, though differing in minor details, just as the colors in those two flags which I see intertwined at the end of this hall are of the same colors, though the arrangement in lines and stars is different.

This sense of our underlying unity over against the other races and forms of civilization in the world has been a poignant force in drawing us together; and its potency is shown by this, that it is at work all over the English-speaking world. Our colonists in Canada and Australia and South Africa have been following with the keenest interest and sympathy all the events that have effected you during those last fateful months; and their hearts, like ours in England, thrill at the record of the exploits of your sailors and soldiers, of the heroism and devotion which the children of America have been displaying, with a pride and delight which no like feats done by men of another speech and blood could inspire. The thought of those exploits suggests one more reflection. Your ambassador, in the singularly graceful as well as eloquent speech to which we listened with so much pleasure, said that this Fourth of July is a day of happy augury for mankind. That is true; and why is it true? Because on that day America entered on a course and proclaimed principles of government which have been of profound significance for mankind.

It has been said to-night that she stands at the parting of the ways. She may, if she will, become a great conquering power, ruling over subject races. She may civilize lands hitherto left to savagery. Whether she will do well to enter on this new path it is not for us here to say. But whether she does enter it or not, her highest claim to the admiration and gratitude of mankind will continue to be this—that she was the first country to try the great experiment of popular government, and that she has gone on trying it upon the grandest scale. Upon the success of that experiment, upon the peaceful and orderly development of her democratic institutions, the future of the world very largely depends.

Many nations have had a career of conquest and of civilizing dominion. But to make an immense people prosperous, happy and free is a nobler and a grander achievement than the most brilliant conquests and the widest dominion. So we here, who hold ourselves the debtors as well as the friends of America, hope and trust that, whatever else she undertakes, nothing will be suffered to divert her energies from her splendid task in her own ample continent. Those in every country who love humanity and its progress watch with the warmest and most watchful sympathy her efforts in that task, and rejoice in the prosperity of her people. But none can feel a sympathy so deep and true as we in England, whose pride it is that you and we come of the same stock, that you and we cherish the same ideals and are swayed by the same traditions, that you and we have been and are fellow-workers, foremost among the nations in spreading freedom and enlightenment throughout the world.

